Vol 74 #5

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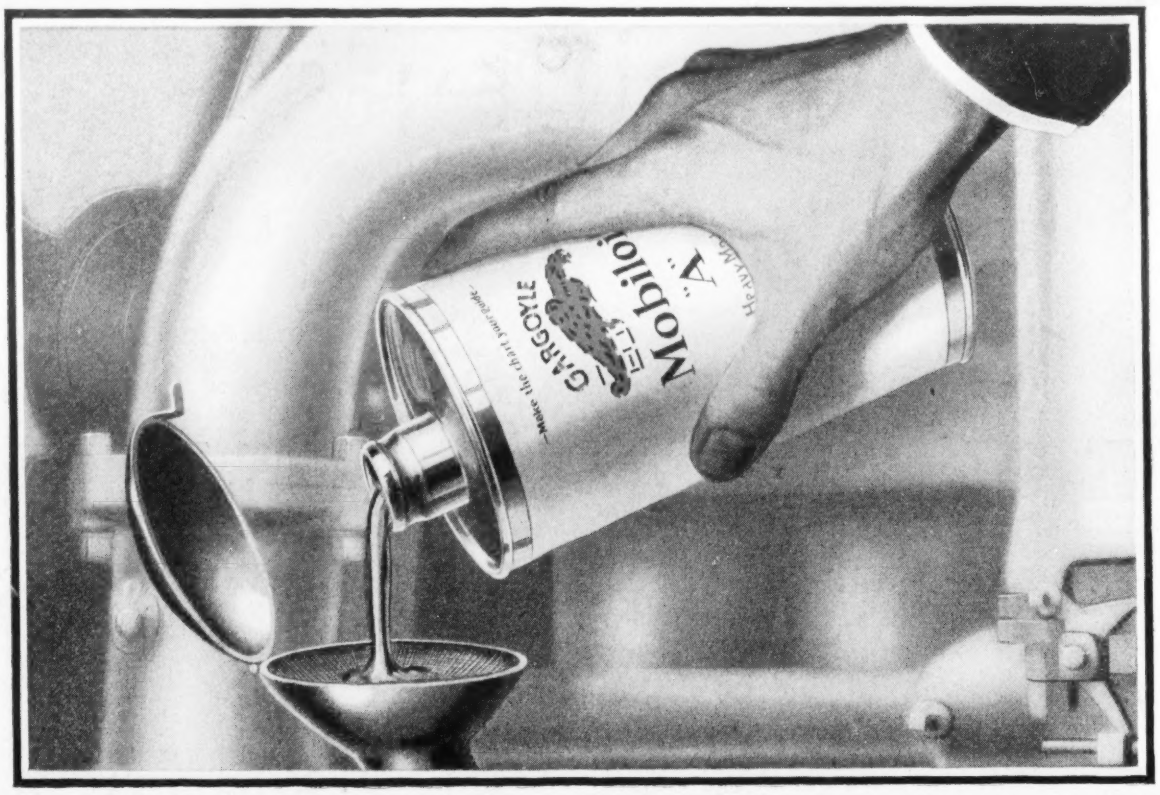
Collier's

THE NA WEEKLY

CAPTAIN
CHAMPION

In this issue: Ben Ames Williams — Walter Camp — Frederick L. Collins
William Almon Wolff — Peter F. O'Shea — Charles Divine —
E. S. Pladwell — Charles Atwater — Uncle Her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Mobiloil
"A"
Make the chart your guide

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New! Now you can get genuine Mobiloil in Sealed One Quart Cans

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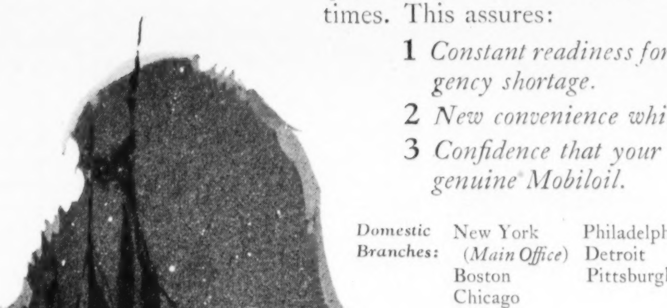

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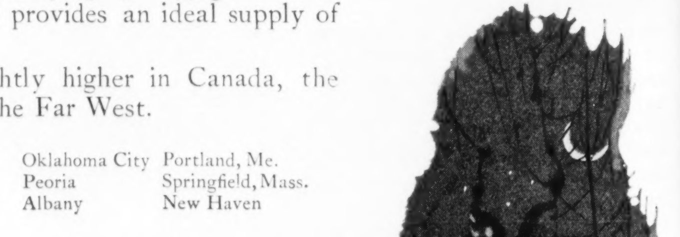

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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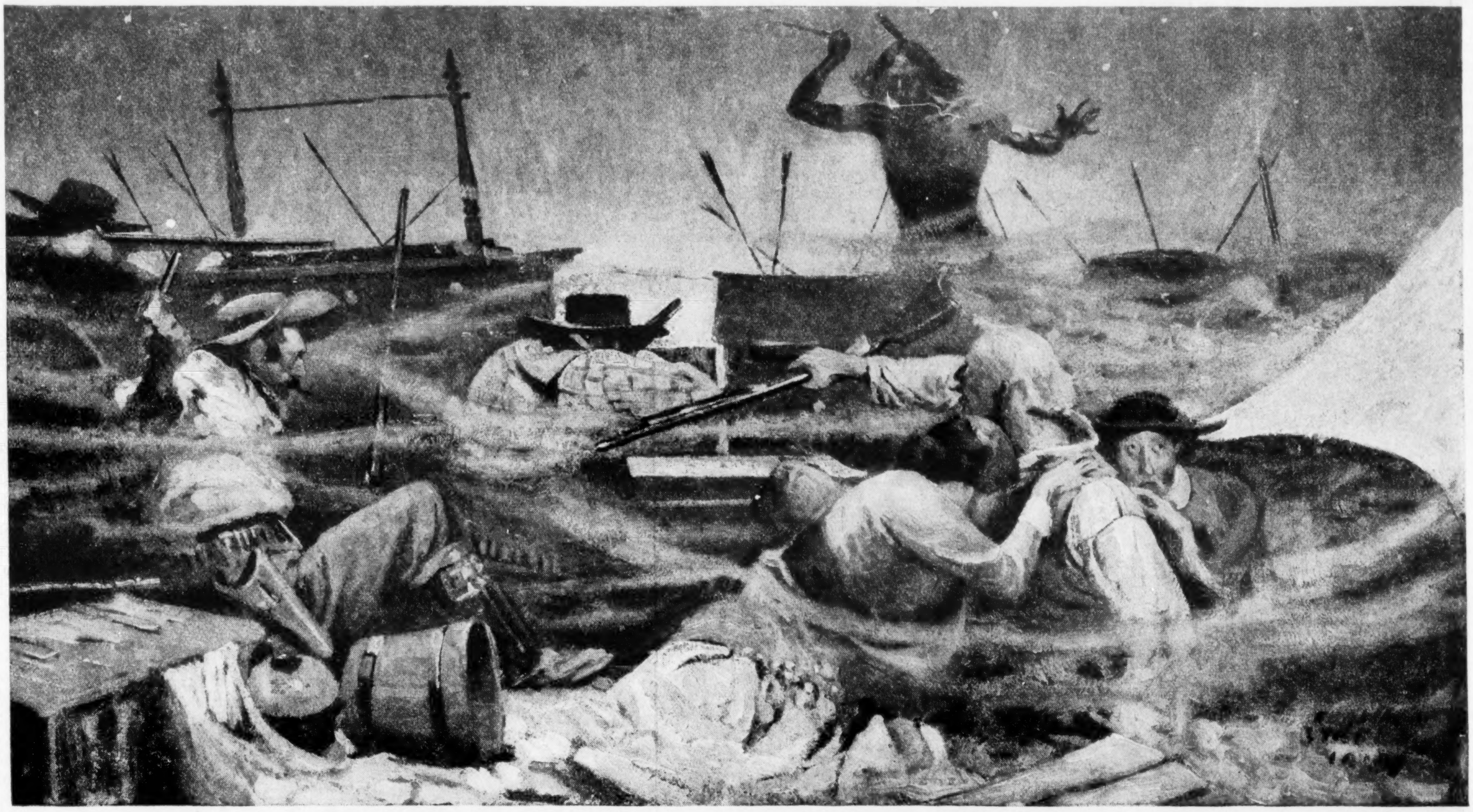


Arrows whizzed into the barricade; slugs of lead whined. As the curtain of smoke lifted they could see the enemy coming on

The Water Hole

By E. S. Pladwell

Illustrated by Frank Street

THE dusty surface of a shallow blue-gray pool reflected a fierce desert sun, a few branches of mesquite, some tufts of coarse grass, a vertical bank of yellow sand, and, finally, a big bug which flew closer until its plunging body distorted the mirror into a series of concentric circles. When the mirror regained composure, it reflected new scenery.

The white canvas top of a big prairie wagon appeared upside down. In front of it, the reversed heads of six dusty red-brown oxen rolled their eyes in the agonized manner peculiar to the beasts. Then another form appeared, an elderly man with a white goatee, wrinkled black boots, baggy trousers on thin legs, a cartridge belt and pistol, long arms, a rifle, and a slim face with high cheekbones and flashing blue eyes. A ruined felt hat covered most of his long silky hair. "Oh, maw!" he called.

Several persons were grouped about the wagon, assisting a very stout lady to climb down the back steps.

"This must be the well that them there travelers was talkin' about, back yonder!" he shouted.

"M'yes," agreed maw, coming up.

A husky man and two lanky youths grasped buckets and started to water the animals. The leader of the party studied the small bare hills which circled north and west of the water hole. Little half-verdant gullies suggested moisture close under the surface.

"The mouth of these here cañons looks like mighty good land," he suggested.

Maw's austere mouth tensed.

"George Titus, are you aimin' to dump us off here in the middle of nowhere, after all we've been through?"

"I dunno. Seems like we've traveled about enough!" He turned away and circled an eloquent hand westward: "Some'res Fort Yuma, Sacramento, Carson City, and Frisco. They say settlers is pourin' in fast. I reckon by this time property's pretty well nailed down! So we might as well take what the Lord gives us!"

Maw registered a slight distrust at this sudden piety: "You didn't talk this way last week! You was sot on Californy!"

"We hadn't struck that dry desert! If we hadn't brought plenty of bar'ls, we'd have perished. Phew! Folks say there's some more of it ahead!"

Maw's deep black eyes looked thoughtful: "You think we could keep this place?"

"Heh! I don't see nobody claimin' it, do you? Looks like it's free for the askin'!"

Titus turned briskly to his tall, sunburnt, wrinkle-faced brother.

"Oh, Will-yum! We're a-goin' to stay here for a while! Let's take the things out of the wagon and make this here place look like somethin'!" He strode to the rear of the big vehicle, shoved a lean cow out of the way, and poked his head in over the tailboard toward the dark interior. "Now, 'Vangeline, we hain't got time for sulkin'! You come out of that there wagon and help your maw!"

THERE was a pause, a rustle, a couple of sniffles, and then the sound of someone wriggling over boxes and barrels.

A girl poked her round reddish face into the sunlight, appraising the scene through blue eyes rimmed by the marks of tears. Her face, pretty despite tight-knotted hair and a skin coarsened by sun and wind, pouted stubbornly as her slim body writhed and slid over the tailboard.

Her father frowned: "I've had enough of these here tantrums! Now you git to work! Heh! Just because I won't let you run away with an ornery, no-'count young scoundrel, you've spread tears over the whole durned Territory!"

"He ain't a scoundrel!" defied the girl.

"He's the son of our town drunkard!"

"*That* don't make him a scoundrel!"

"Heh! It gives him a good start! Old Tom Wheeler never done nothin' respectable for thirty years, and Johnny Wheeler's a chip off the same wuthless block!"

"He ain't! He's respectable!"

"Heh! I s'pose it was respectable for him to trail along after our wagon, clear across Missouri! I s'pose it was respectable to try to 'lope with you in St. Joe! I s'pose it was respectable for him and his two rapscallion friends to chase our outfit on hossback across Kansas and most of the Great American Desert! Respectable! Heh!"

A queer, exalted look appeared in the girl's eyes: "He's true! He's loyal!"

"He's just plain ornery."

For an instant of hatred the father visualized the impudent, black-mustached young man who had trailed the emigrant wagon as persistently as a bloodhound. Then the father's eyes looked with sudden satisfaction upon the ferocious barrier of flat and waterless desert which stretched for long miles to the eastward. He waved a triumphant hand toward it.

"Wa-al, I reckon him and his rapscallion friends can't git across *that* in a hurry. It looks like we're shut of him."

"We ain't!"

"Don't you talk back to me. You stop your yawpin' and git to work. Go on, now. My temper's stood about all it's a-goin' to stand, 'Vangeline!"

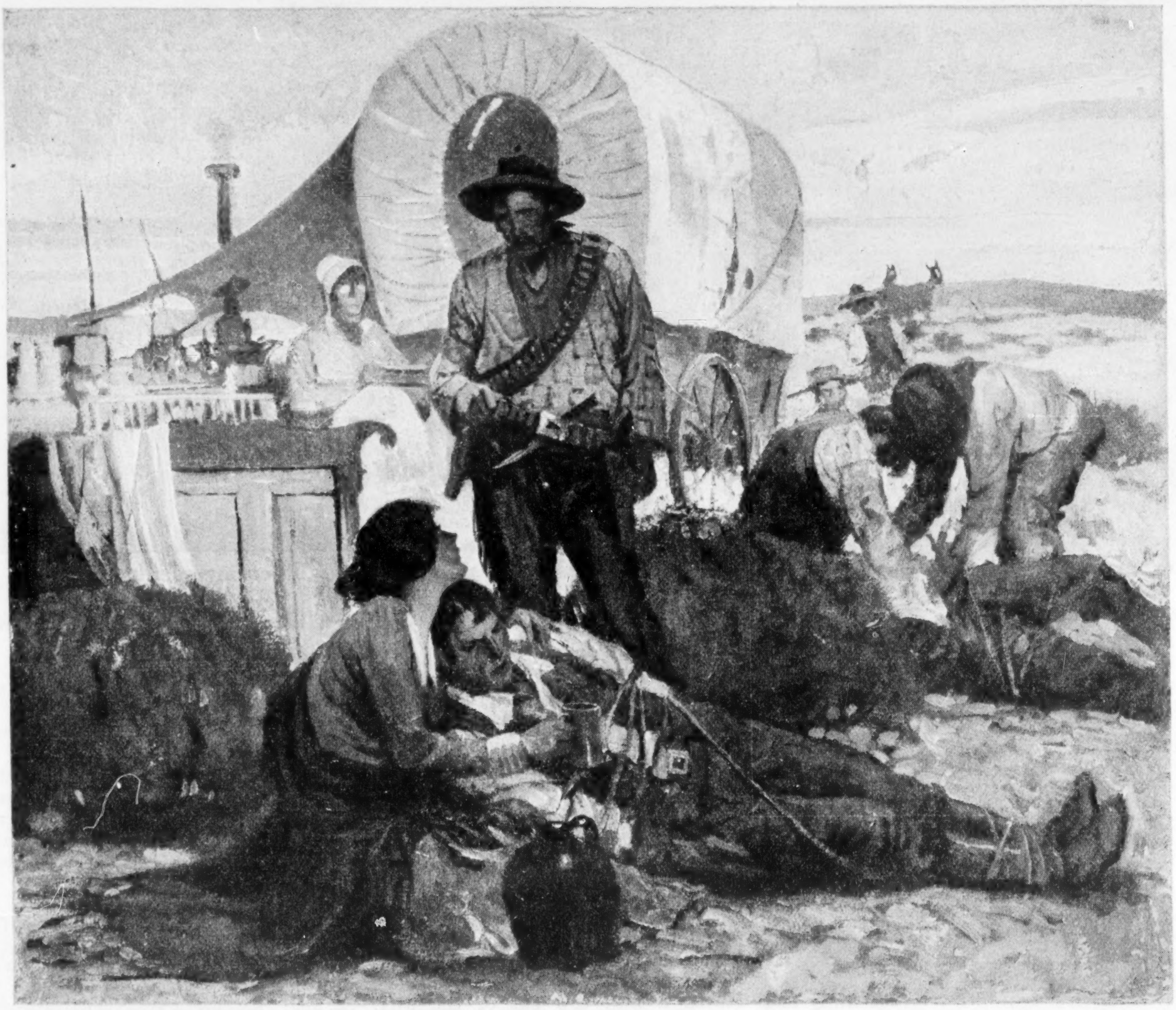
"M'f!" she remarked, starting away.

The male members of the Titus family started unloading the big wagon.

"Take everything out?" questioned Will-yum.

"Yep. We're a-goin' to stay a while!"

Out came seeds, jars of preserves, boxes, boards, chromo pictures, gunpowder, and, finally, the more permanent possessions: a bureau full of knobs, a washstand, with pitcher and bowl packed in grain-sacks; a warped mirror, also well packed; a parlor whatnot; a table with legs disconnected; a roll of rag carpets; a scrolled lamp, with pink dewdads painted on its shade; a picture of George Washington; a "God Bless Our Home," and, at last, the crowning glory of all, the old parlor melodeon. It stood, square-faced to the breezes, a mountain among the lesser piles of household goods.



Holding her lover, 'Vangeline looked up into the powder-grimed face of the big cattleman

"We'll make this place look like somethin'!" chuckled Titus. "Seems civilized already!"

"M'yes," agreed maw. "Mebbe."

"I'm a-goin' to scout around."

HE TOOK his rifle and started up the largest and most verdant of the four small draws or gullies near by. The gully led to a little valley with a few scrubby trees. Bunches of grass prospered on land which seemed darker than the surrounding hillsides. He drove his gun butt into the soft earth. The dirt clung. His eyes lighted.

"Heh! Good land! Water right under the surface! Dig five feet and git a well! Wonder where it came from?"

He sensed that this was an underground stream, one of those desert miracles which rise nowhere in particular and get nowhere. He didn't care, much. He knew he was in luck, so he whistled as he returned to his family.

Three strange red steers and a scrub red-and-white heifer were drinking at the water hole.

"There must be folks livin' some'res close!" opined maw nervously.

"Wa-al, that don't have to bother *us*. We're a-mindin' our own business, ain't we?"

"M'yes. Mebbe."

"To-morrow I'm a-goin' to stake out this here claim. It's too late to-day. We'll have to fence the water hole too. Can't have cattle sploshin' all over it."

They hobbled the oxen and tethered the cow, letting it graze near the heaps of belongings. The evening meal was cooked over a merry brush fire which reflected redly in the black pool. 'Vangeline absently opened the dusty top of the old melodeon, and soon its wheezy notes resounded out over the dark starlit desert.

"Nothin' like music!" observed Will-yum, sitting with his back to a wagon-wheel and puffing a pipe. "Makes you think of things!"

'Vangeline, with a sudden sob, leaned upon the melodeon. Its bass keys struck a discordant jumble: "Uh-huh-huh-ha-a-a-a-a-a-w!"

Pa Titus cast a baleful look at Will-yum: "Heh! Just when I git the durned little fool quiet, you begin to think of things! You think up many more things, and there's goin' to be two blood brothers all tangled up in a fight!"

"I didn't mean to do it, George!" apologized Will-yum.

"Oh, well; she's a-goin' to bed now. Let 'er rest." He raised his voice purposely: "But if she has any more of them tantrums to-morrow she's likely to git somethin' she'll remember. I'm tired of it."

MAW cooked a splendid sizzling breakfast next morning. Pa Titus chopped a board into stakes, and with these he started making a half-circle of the camp, staking his outer boundaries at the upper ends of the little cañons which merged into the sloping flat near the water hole.

He finished the second cañon when he heard maw's imperative voice floating up over the little hillocks: "Oh, paw! There's a man here to see you."

Pa ran downhill. Maw was talking to a hard-looking, sharp-faced customer in buckskin, who held a black-and-white pony in by its restless reins. He seemed rampant with high boots, spurs, buckles, cartridges, knives, and derringers.

"Howdy!" said the stranger.

"Howdy," nodded Titus.

Maw turned to her husband triumphantly: "He's from a ranch thirty mile away, back in the hills. I told you there was folks right close."

The newcomer addressed Titus: "I see your stuff's all out of the wagon. Goin' to stay here long?"

"I aim to."

"Huh! Can't nobody take up a well."

"We're here!" retorted Pa Titus stubbornly. "I ain't seen no notices to keep off!"

"Well, then I'll give you notice!"

"You own this well?"

"Shore not. It's public range."

"All right. Keep your notices, then. I don't need 'em."

The hard-faced stranger wasted no words. He saw he was outnumbered, so he turned and swung into the saddle.

"We'll see about this! If the Injun war parties don't git you, mebbe we will!"

"Injuns?"

"Yep. They've broke loose. Well, so long! I'll see you again!" And he galloped off, through the hills.

Pa Titus frowned: "Wa-al, if there's Injuns around here, we might as well hike for Californy. Still, I dunno. We've been skeered about Injuns before!"

"I'm gittin' sorter fond of the durned place," admitted Will-yum.

"M'yes," conceded maw. "But how about these here hos-tile ranchers?"

Pa took off his battered hat and scratched his long white hair: "I ain't worried about them so much. It's the Injuns. Still I dunno. Mebbe we can fix things so's to make Injuns middlin' tolerable sick. Will-yum, you gimme a hand with them bar'ls."

THEY filled the water barrels alongside the spring. They backed the wagon so that its tailboard stood at right angles from the line of barrels. They collected their heavier goods and strung them in a loose circle, starting from the end of the long wagon tongue: first, the bureau and the washstand; then the trunks; then boards set in stakes; the flour barrels; the bin of corn; the boxes; and finally the melodeon; its keyboard inward and its austere wooden back facing the great brushy plain to the eastward. Its right flank rested near the water barrels.

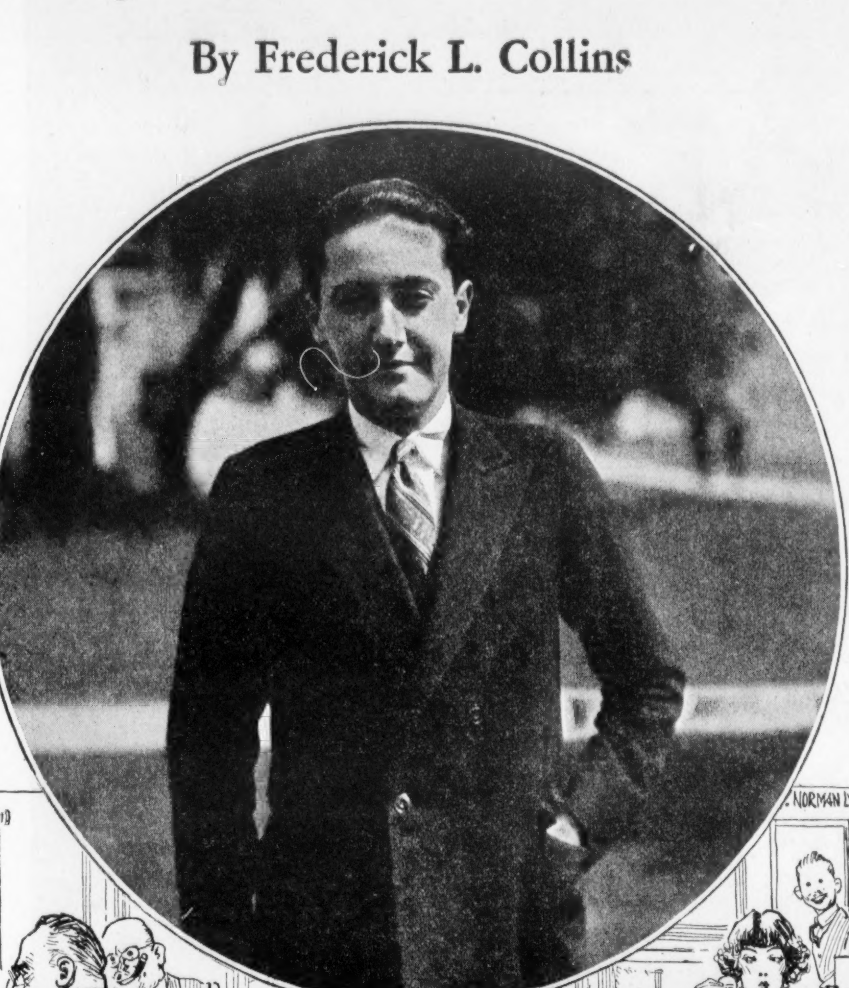
The long tarpaulin was stretched inward from the wagon top to a pair of poles with their bases in the ground, thus making a slanting white roof in the center of the circular barricade. Under this they erected their table and the stove irons. All the animals were tethered outside.

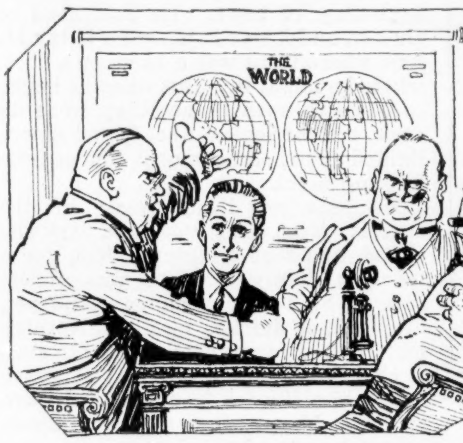
Evening came. 'Vangeline took in the wash. Pa gave final inspection to the armament which Will-yum and the boys had prepared at handy intervals behind the barricade.

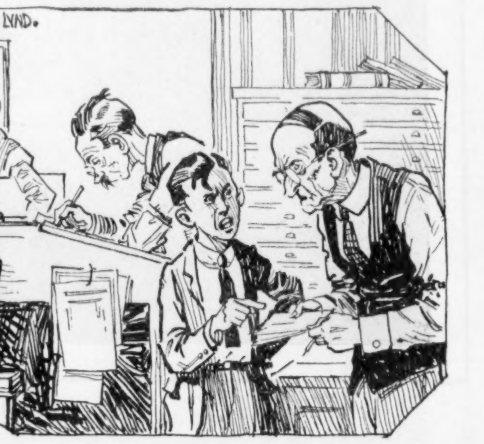
"Five guns, (*Continued on page 24*)

Meet the Boy Wonder of Hollywood

By Frederick L. Collins






NORMAN LYND.

25 years old—$50,000 a year. That's Irving Thalberg. Mr. Collins quotes some of his rules of life. They might be found in any boy's copy book. But by sticking close to them Thalberg has been able to break all the rules ever made by man

"WHO'S the child with Elinor Glyn? Her son?"

"Elinor's son?" laughed Hollywood's oldest inhabitant. "That's her employer! Her boss! The baby magnate of moviedom! The *nix plus pluto* of infant prodigies. That's Irving Thalberg!"

"Who's Irving Thalberg?"

"Twenty-five years old. Fifty thousand a year. Hundred per cent chance to be the biggest man in the picture industry. That's Thalberg."

The young man so floridly described finished his dance with England's wildest daughter, and oozed through movieland's blackest and whitest shoulders to a glittering ring-side table. There was a large party at that table: stars, directors, authors, magnates; but the half-pint young man with the six-gallon brain slipped modestly into the seat of honor.

"Wherever Irving Thalberg sits," continued my friend in his most Avonesque manner, "is always the head of the table. I've known him all his life —which is something less than half of mine—from the time he was a popeyed Brooklyn schoolboy until he stepped into his present office to run the biggest studio in Culver City. In his odd moments as a boy—and he had some odd ones—he worked in his grandfather's store, wrote ads for the Brooklyn 'Eagle,' went to night school, studied shorthand and Spanish. In a few months he could run anything from a typewriter to an automobile, and was admiring Velasquez in the original.

"Then he took sick. And that was probably the best thing that ever happened to him, for he began to read: not Horatio Alger and Ethel Dell, but Epictetus and Bacon and old man Kant. Out of this assortment the boy evolved a few basic rules of life, and by sticking close to them he has been able to step out and break all the other rules that anybody else ever made.

"Here are three of Thalberg's gospels:

Paste These in Your Hat

"'NEVER take any one man's opinion as final.'

"'Never think your own opinion is unassailable.'

"'Never expect help from anyone but yourself.'"

My friend sighed. "Rather pessimistic, that last one, but not a bad rule in this business of relatives—and revolutions."

The divertissement was over. The Chevalier Du Brac, from Paris's Montmartre, and Mademoiselle Dorothy, from Hollywood's equally famous Quartier, had tossed off a neat Apache dance. Max Fisher's bandsmen were tuning up on "The Limehouse Blues." Thalberg and his guests were again afoot.

He has a good presence, Thalberg: metallic rather than magnetic; clean-cut, direct, not at all flashy; he is well-poised and well-gaited; active without being in a hurry. There is a smiling sadness about his full, sensitive mouth; an incandescent brilliance in his small jetty eyes. His rebellious black hair, forced off his high, broad forehead, tops a set of small, conventionally-placed features, which stand up well under close analysis. He made me think of a beautifully executed miniature—the miniature of a great man.

"That was eight years ago," continued the oldest inhabitant, harking back to the Brooklyn sick-room. "After that I lost sight of Irving until he showed up here in Hollywood. In less than six months he was general manager of a big studio—a driving executive who knew what the public wanted and how to give it to them. In a year everybody was talking about him—and now look at him!"

As a result of a step-and-trot introduction, sandwiched between two breathless encores, I was invited to visit the *nix plus pluto* of baby magnates at his studio office on the following day.

Through the private office door came the soft voice of the big little man: "I authorize you"—he was evidently dictating a telegram—"to go as high as $40,000 for '——'" He named a play then running on Broadway, the picture rights to which Thalberg's company subsequently purchased. My guide looked at me as if to say, "You see, he does say something;" and I looked back as if to say, "I'll say he does."

Irving's life is full of little forty- and fifty-thousand-dollar items: plays and novels that have to be bought; directors and stars who have to be hired—and fired; sets that have to be built and paid for; casts that have to be picked and managed; hundreds of motion-picture productions that have to be made. For Irving—whisper it low, because these movie concerns hate publicity!—is production manager of the newest picture combination, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. Before that high-sounding job was hung around his youthful shoulders, Irving was director general of Universal City. In other words, the boy has earned the right to his titles and to his pay envelopes by managing successfully the producing activities of two of the largest studios in the world—and by working like a young horse while he did it.

Thalberg always has worked. According to the best of his many newspaper biographers, Irving obtained his first job by inserting an advertisement in the "Journal of Commerce," in which he said he wanted a job that would break his back and wrench his brain.

"He tried a certain small trading outfit in Manhattan"—I quote this biographer somewhat loosely—"and was accommodated. He worked tirelessly until the assistant cashier sank for the third time and he was promoted to the job, but *not* to the salary. By this time May had come waving her magic wand over Prospect Park, infusing the hearts of policemen with new diligence to keep citizens and taxpayers off the grass. The 'Journal of Commerce' showed another material gain in advertising. Irving had placed another ad.

As a result, Irving made a lodgment in one of those Vere de Vere organizations, where the youngest office boy is socially fit to become a secretary of legation at a moment's notice. In one brief year he was assistant manager of the export department with four telephones on his desk and perspiration constantly on his brow. He felt that he had risen as far as he could, and as rapidly and quietly resigned. He went to his grandmother's cottage at Edgemere, Long Island, to listen to the sea waves.

"The head of one of the biggest moving-picture corporations lived next door. He offered Thalberg a job. Irving declined. He didn't want a job on pull.

"When the famous man went away to Hollywood, the little man made a dash for the company's New York office. Without disclosing that he knew the head of the works, he talked the office manager into giving him a chance as a stenographer at thirty-five beans a week. When the boss came back, Irving was banging the belligerency out of a typewriter, and—"

Moral: Study Stenography

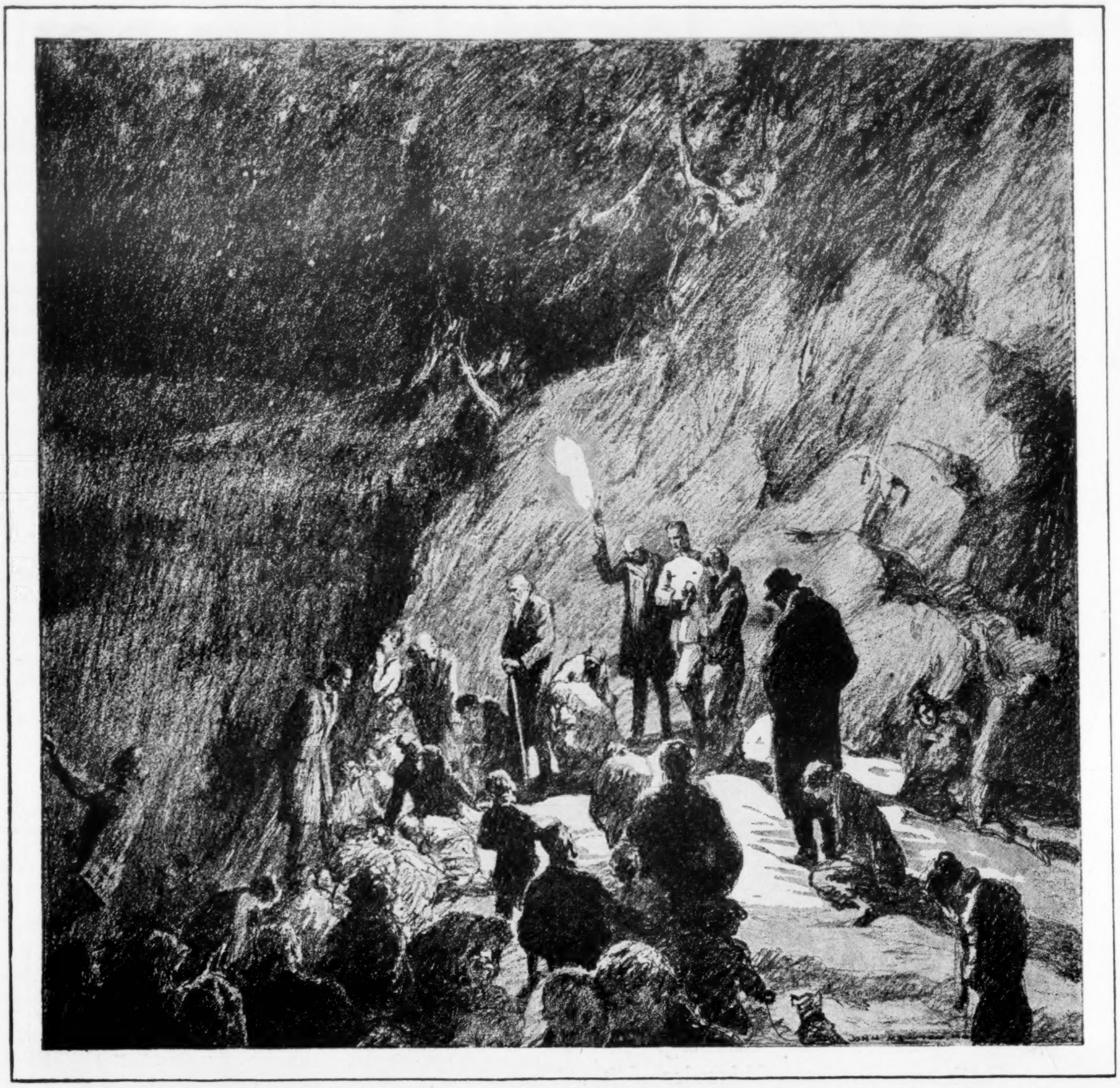
I KNEW the rest. I had long had a pet theory about the shortest and surest cut to business success—and something told me that this fifty-thousand-dollar boy wonder who now stood before me would prove my theory out of his own practice. And he did.

"I came to Hollywood," he began, "as private secretary—"

"Ah," I exclaimed, "that's the secret!"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "I believe it is. I was fortunate enough to get a job where I saw the business as a whole. Then my chance came to make good while the boss was away. And I worked hard. That's all."

I left the office of the biggest little man in Hollywood wondering if it were too late to take up stenography. I decided it probably was *for me.* But my son, if I ever have one, and he shows signs of growing a fifty-thousand-dollar brain—well, anyhow, he's going to be a private secretary!



Martin shook as he stood. The crowd was rising from its knees and moving toward him

Burning River

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by John Newton Howitt

BEFORE Martin Johnson, as he trudged wearily along through the snow that had begun falling late in the afternoon, there lay, miles away still, a range of mountains, high and stark, faintly luminous in the after glow of the sun he had not seen at all that day since its angry and forbidding dawn. Nearer than the mountains, though, there was smoke; smoke that rose from the chimneys of a town. And, although he had never been there, he knew what town that was, and something of it. It was called Burning River, and it looked eastward, toward the rising sun, as, on the lower slope of those mountains his own home, Berryman, looked to the west.

Now, since the snow had come, Burning River had become, perforce, his destination. He must seek refuge there. For weeks, on foot, with growing weariness and weakness, Johnson had been trudging toward home. Now, all at once, it lay not just so many more miles away, not just beyond the mountains he had, for several days, been able to see with increasing clarity. It lay in the distant, the incredible spring in a time of soft and balmy days and warm, sweet sunshine; of living nights of velvet darkness; of soft warm rains; of muddy roads, into which bare feet could sink with gratitude. It lay whole worlds of time and space away, and with the passing of every moment, with every quickening of the pace of the falling snow, new fears arose in him to multiply and magnify those worlds.

He was afraid, all at once, not of death, so much, as of extinction. Death he had faced often enough; he had been in France with the army; he had been wounded. He had been sickeningly afraid, but his fear, even so, had been disciplined, ordered, going and coming, almost, as an officer gave it leave to come or bade it go. Now he was alone; some new, strange conception of oblivion, of annihilation, utter and complete, had come to him.

He tried to remember the name of someone in Burning River with whom his own folk might have had dealings. But no memory came. He must take his chance, like any other tramp. The word, emerging in his thoughts, roused him to a futile anger. Words—names!

Words had betrayed him, ever since he could remember. They had raised hopes in him that realities had always shattered and destroyed. They had led him in his imagination to make pictures. Soldier. That had been one of his great words. He had dreamed of soldiers; he had longed to be one; he had found, in dream and longing, fulfillment of strange and deep desires. Then they had taken him for a soldier, and he had learned that soldiers were not like the soldiers of his dreams. A soldier drilled and marched and marched. Sometimes he peeled potatoes and emptied slops and curried horses. Sometimes he lay in a trench, while lice crawled over him, and watched green flares in the dark, and heard vast noises, and was cursed.

AND there had been other words. Tramp had been one of them; one of the best. Romance had clung to it, in his imagining. Tramps saw the world; of them, as of soldiers, people were afraid. But about being a tramp there was no romance. There were only weariness, and hunger, and blows, and cursing, and a sort of shame, like an acid, eating away, each day, a little more of his diminishing stock of self-respect.

He was very tired, and his head was curiously light. He had eaten nothing at all that day, and only a little the day before. It seemed to him that the end was very near, and he regarded it with a dreadful apprehension. If only once, if only for a day, he could have reached the stature of his dreams! But that he never had, and it seemed that now he never would; that he must die as he had lived, obscure, unregarded, unreckoned. Soon. That night, perhaps; in the very night that was closing down about him. At the thought he cried out; his voice rose in a scream of terror, like a child's.

It was quite dark when he reached Burning River. The snow was falling fast; it stung his face, and the wind was keen and cold. All sounds were lost in that soundless din, save for the ironic, ominous note of the rushing stream that, seen years ago by some pioneer as it carried its autumn burden of flaming leaves, had given the town its name.

FEVER had hold of Johnson now, and it gave him a false strength, so that he walked with head high and shoulders squared. He was a forlorn and frantic figure. His clothes hung in rags about him; only an overseas cap had managed, somehow, to preserve a grotesque and ironic jauntiness. A stubble of reddish beard covered his face; he was soiled from long travel, scarred, torn.

He was no longer conscious either of hunger or of cold, but the snow angered him; he longed to escape from its incessant, nagging impact.

He went straight on, past the first straggling houses that marked the beginning of town. He had need of shelter, and it was in his mind to try his luck where there was a barn, or a shed, where he might lie. But when he began to come to such houses they were all dark, and he looked ahead, and saw a lighted church, and knew it was prayer-meeting night.

He saw no lights, save in the church. Even the stores were dark and closed, and that frightened him, for a town so deeply religious was almost sure to be hard on tramps. And yet, after all, it did not matter. Nothing mattered. Even as his fear rose to such a climax of terror as he had never known, timidity fell from him, and there was a boldness altogether new about him as he neared the church.

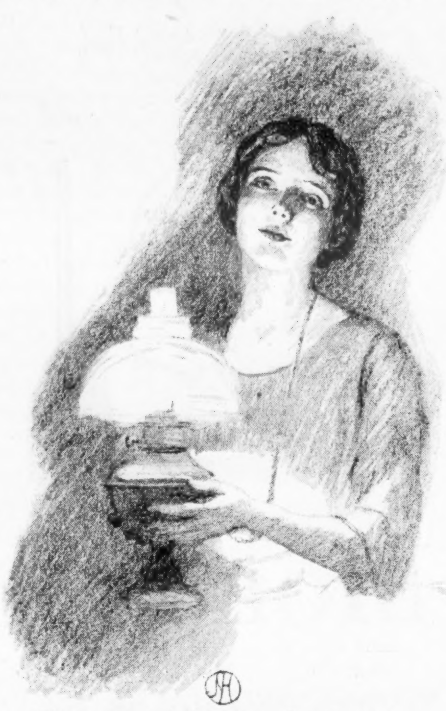
He could hear singing now, and it rang out with tremendous wildness; there was a frantic, unearthly note of passion in it. The church doors stood open; he could see how crowded the structure was. The singing ceased, and a single voice was raised—a man's—rich, unctuous, deeply resonant. Johnson went up to the door; he went inside, to escape the snow. No one heeded him or even looked at him, although he stood closely pressed against his neighbors. But the man who was praying, calling richly upon God, had the regard of all eyes as well as the attention of all ears.

This preacher was tall and lean, and long, black hair hung down about his face. Sweat gleamed on his forehead; he swung his great arms like flails. A sort of madness was upon his hearers. Cries and gasps were wrung from them. One cried "Amen!" and a score took up his cry, or echoed some ringing, telling phrase of that harangue. From all sides rose choking, gasping cries to God, to Christ; appeals for mercy, for compassion.

Here, Johnson knew, was no ordinary meeting, but a revival, a scourging of old sins.

More and more savage grew the preacher, more and more bitter in his denunciation of the writhing men and women below him. They cowered; they quivered under the lash of his voice; his words fell upon them like blows.

"The Lord your God has become again a God of wrath—He is your judge!" he shouted. "Your sins are known to Him, no matter how you have believed them hidden! The evil of your hearts, that



Mary stood in the doorway. "Martin—?" she said

your fellows cannot see, is known to Him. He pitied you, and He gave His only Son to die for you upon the cross, and you have rejected that sacrifice and made it of no avail! Woe to you—oh, woe beyond reckoning, woe, woe!"

To him, the preacher, not to the God he painted for them in his own image, the cries, the pitiful pleading, of his hearers rose. And at last a gentler note came into his voice, and it sank, but could be heard, still, even as it died down to a hoarse whisper, in the farthest corner of the church.

"You cry for mercy now! You beg for hope—and there is hope—even for you. Your God is a merciful God. Even now it is not too late to harvest the sweet fruit of true repentance. Come—come, oh, come—come to the mercy seat! Cast off your sins and though they be as black as night you shall be washed in the blood of the Lamb till you are white as snow!"

He opened his arms to them, and men and women staggered down the aisle, drunk upon his words, reeling, struggling to be the first to fling themselves upon the mourners' bench.

"Oh, God!" the preacher cried. "Oh, merciful and compassionate Lord Jesus, look now upon these sinners brought to you by grace. See them, black and scarlet in their sin. Let them be born again. Oh, my brothers and my sisters, let us pray!"

ALL through the church there was a rustling sound as heads were bowed. Only Johnson still stood with unbowed head, and his staring eyes met those of the preacher. For a long time he stood so, regarding that other man. And as he looked it seemed to him that a light shone upon the preacher, and that in the place of his long black coat he wore a robe of spotless white, and that in his eyes was no longer the light and the lust of fanaticism, but pity, and understanding, and sorrow for one in sickness and in need. And then Johnson heard the sound of a voice crying out in that strange and sudden silence, but he did not know that it was his own voice that he heard.

"Be ready!" he cried. "Oh, be prepared! The end is near. It has been shown to me this day, while I walked upon my blistered feet to come to you and bring you warning. There shall come a sound of trumpets, and a great flame by night, and the world shall end and be no more. Soon—soon—oh, soon! Give heed, for I am the messenger who was foretold!"

"Praise the Lord—oh, praise the Lord!" The low cry came answering him, from those whose heads were bowed. "Thy Kingdom come, oh, Lord—we are prepared!"

Stark and grim the preacher stood, aghast, incredulous. Yet not so did Johnson see him, and he went toward him, down the aisle, between the sobbing, moaning people, who, as yet, had only heard his voice, and had not seen him. None sought to stay him or to check him until, as he reached the dais, the preacher put out his hand, as if to silence him. But a spirit other than his own possessed Johnson, and his voice rang out wildly:

"I have seen the Lord my God!" he cried. "In wrath, in a cloud of smoke and flame, He has shown Himself to me. The hour of His doom is here upon us! God has spoken to me as He spoke from Sinai. He has sent me to bring to you the word of His last coming upon earth!"

Once more a low, hushed crying came to answer him.

"To-night shall pass!" Johnson's voice had risen to a high wail. "And the sun shall rise again, and set, and rise yet once again, and then shall set for the last time. For in the third night, at the twelfth hour, God will strike this earth with flame and sword and graves shall open, and the seas shall give up their dead. And the righteous shall be lifted up and look down upon the work of God while the unrighteous perish!"

As he ceased, Johnson was shaken, as by an ague. And all things vanished from his sight, and as if some mighty blow had felled him he went down. He heard a woman scream, and then it seemed to him that he was dead, alone, alone forever and forever.

He knew he was alive when he awoke, for those about him spoke in ordinary voices, and some one was pouring hot soup into his mouth from a spoon. He slid off into darkness and forgetfulness again, but not until he had realized that he lay in a soft feather bed, such a bed as he had not slept in since he was a little boy.

HE AWOKE again with a start of fear in a great room, with many windows. Someone spoke and he opened his eyes again, which he had closed when the sudden light hurt them, and saw a girl who came and stood beside the bed, and looked down at him and smiled. She was fair, with blue eyes, and a great braid of yellow hair was wound about her head. Her cheeks were red and white, and her eyes, like her lips, smiled and were kind. She laid her hand upon his forehead, and its touch was cool and soothing.

"I'm hungry," he said.

"Yes, of course. I'll bring you some breakfast." Her voice was as gentle as the touch of her hand. "You're better, aren't you? Your forehead is cool—I believe the fever has all gone."

"I'm all right. I'm only hungry."

She went out and came back with a tray. He smelled coffee, and its fragrance made him ravenous. She had brought eggs, and warm homemade bread, and preserves, and she let him eat his fill. He felt stronger then, and less afraid.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"This is Baird's. I'm Mary Baird. My father carried you here. He is very strong, even though he is an old man. Do you remember how you fainted last night, in church? We thought you were dead, but the doctor said you were exhausted and half starved."

"It was snowing," he said, frowning with his effort to remember. "There was a man preaching—I can't remember—"

"That was Reverend Meader. You went right up to him—oh, don't you remember at all? How you told us the world would end to-morrow night—?"

"The end—!" he cried. "Yes—the end—the end—of me—of you—of the world—of everything—all together—you—"

She was watching him closely. Her eyes were very bright; she was alive with eager, vibrant curiosity.

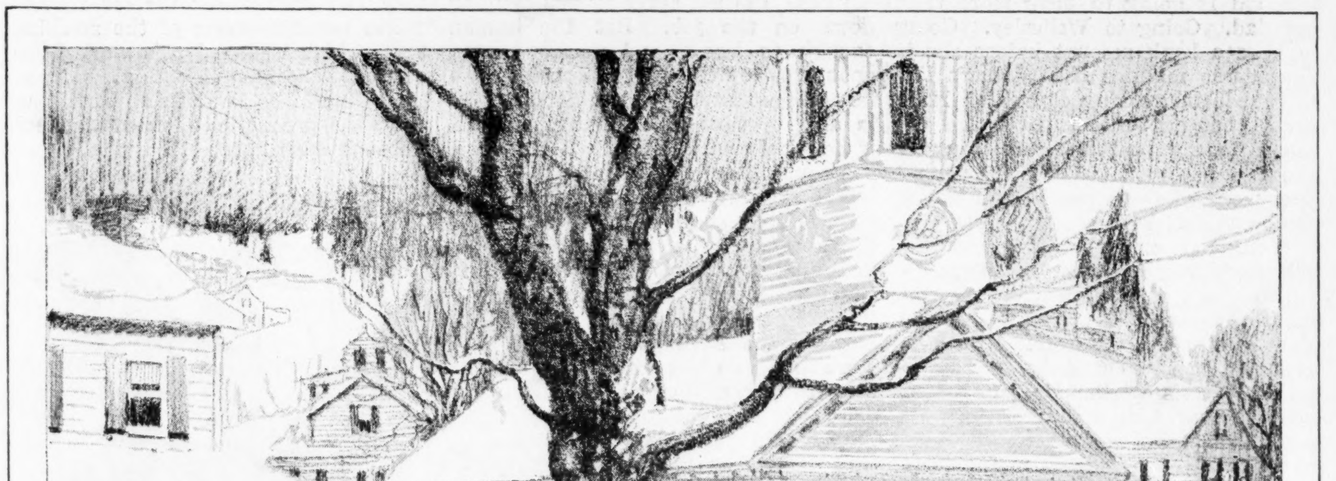
"Reverend Meader says you're a swindler," she said. "But Dr. Barlow said you had hallucinations."

"What's that?" His voice was sullen, resentful.

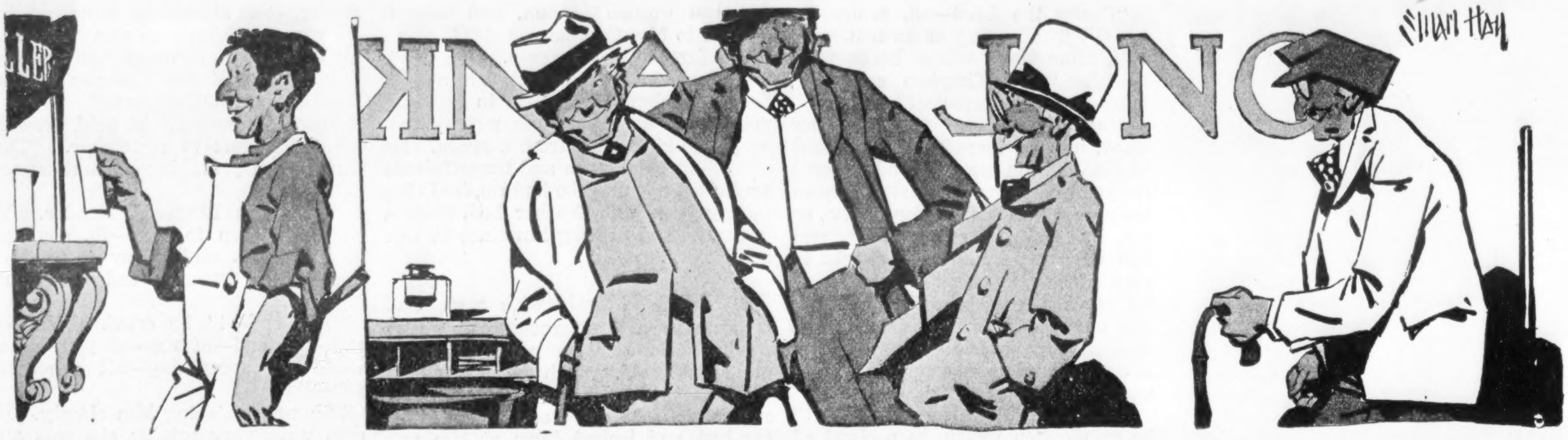
"Dreams—ideas—oh—ideas. Reverend Meader wanted them to put you in the lock-up. But the people believed you. My father did. Nearly everyone did. They are afraid—and still they're glad—"

"The lock-up!" he muttered, angrily. "He'll see! And dreams! Oh, they'll find out!" He roused himself. "Did you believe?"

"I—I don't know—" she said. "I felt so—so queer. I wanted to call out—I wanted to sing—when I saw you—when I heard you. And I wanted to cry. I guess I did cry. I was afraid—and still, I wasn't. I'd never—oh, I'd never seen or heard anything so wonderful—and— (*Continued on page 21*)



In many hearts there was fear, as Burning River prepared to meet the end that night



Will the Workman Save Money For the Boss?

Yes, if the Boss Makes It Worth While, as You'll See When You Read This

By Peter F. O'Shea

A WORKMAN in overalls stepped up to the teller's window and put down a little envelope.

"Had a daughter born to me half an hour ago," he told the teller gleefully. "I jumped from the shop to the hospital without having a chance to change my clothes. The wife's doing well, and the little girl is a dandy. I'm going to send her to college. I didn't have much of an education. But this kid is going to have more than her dad. Going to Wellesley. Going to have a bank account before she is twenty-two minutes old. I don't like to parade in working clothes on Main Street, but happened to have this envelope in my pocket. Put it in the little girl's name—Clarinda Louise. Every one of these envelopes I get is coming to this window unopened!"

"Your pay envelope?" inquired the teller, counting out twenty dollars.

"No. It's my share of what the employees saved the boss up at the plant last month. He divides with us what we save by cutting costs."

I know this workman's true name, but will call him Jim Jackson. He is a real man out of real life—a workman eager to cut costs for the boss. A remarkable boss? No—just a sensible one, it seems to me. He is Matthew P. Whittall, president of the M. J. Whittall Associates, weavers of rugs and carpets in Worcester, Mass. "Our men in the last couple of years have saved us $500,000," he told me.

His trade has been established two hundred years. The factory was founded and operated for half a century by his father, who could detect waste as far away as an astronomer can detect a new constellation.

A few years before his death, Whittall, Senior, bought a competing plant from a man who had been successful but wanted to take a trip around the world before he died. This plant's books and accounts came along as souvenirs. Mr. Whittall compared them with his own records, and found that the costs were astonishingly higher than his own. He had a right to think that he had reduced waste to a minimum.

Yet he called his workmen together and said: "You may think we aren't wasting any motions, or any material, or any money. We aren't wasting so much as other fellows, but we're still wasting a good deal. I can't do anything more to stop it all by myself. You can. And of every dollar you save in the operating costs of this plant, starting to-day I'll give you fifty cents and I'll keep fifty cents."

"Will we make enough dollars on this proposition to be worth our while?" asked a young workman, voicing the thought of them all.

"Yes. I'm not accusing you of lying down on the job. But I'm human enough to know, and you're human enough to confess, that if a man knows he will get half of what he saves he is able to save more than he would if somebody else reaped all the crop.

"I am banking that my half will be big enough to leave me considerable over, after paying the expenses of a few accountants and other men to determine the best opportunities for savings. I pay these men out of my half of the savings. You get more than I do because you won't have to pay anybody. What do you say? Will you join me?"

They did join him. Because they looked at their jobs with new eyes they found waste which they had never dreamed existed. Three gangs of men had worked side by side for years. One man from each gang went to the storeroom for material, weighed it, recorded it on a slip, and brought it to the work table in time to keep the rest of his crew busy.

The three weighers often got in one another's way at the scales, weren't in a hurry about getting out of the way, because the record of each gang was improved by contrast whenever the other gangs didn't quite keep up.

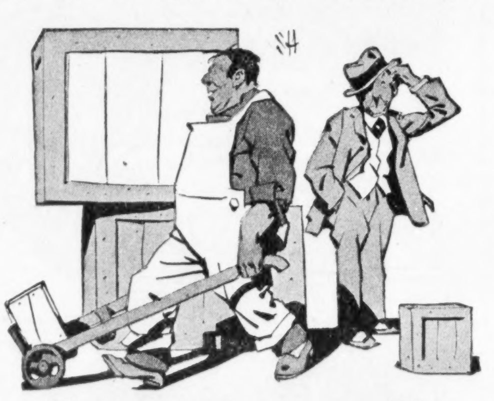
$50,000 Extra

BUT this competitive scheme was not nearly so fruitful as a new one based on coöperative saving.

The gangs got together and laid a plot. "Why not have only one man do the weighing for all three gangs?" the spokesman proposed. "He can't possibly get in his own way. It will be clearly up to him to have all the material on hand. It won't take any more man-hours, because he won't have to help the rest of us at all. He'll have nothing else to do but just keep us all supplied with material. Then, instead of having a gang contest, the three gangs will work together for the interests of all. Each of us will give a helping hand here and there, wherever it will do the most good."

Within two months these twelve men were turning out about two and a half times as many pounds of material as they had been under the old method.

The manufacturers of the machines upon which they did this work heard about it, and said it couldn't be true; their machines wouldn't work that fast; the production claimed was half as much again as the maximum capacity of the machine. But it was done and is being done without straining the machines. For these twelve men also worked out other improvements which contributed to the result.



Many a manufacturer tears his hair over the minutes which he knows are wasted

Now some bright person is going to rise and say: "These wretches could have given us this extra production years ago. Instead of extra dollars they ought to get a few swift kicks. They proved themselves slackers."

Not at all. You can't hire inventive brains in a pay envelope. Still less can you hire twelve inventive brains, scheming and planning together while they do physical work, for twelve pay envelopes. There has to be some extra incentive.

The extra production each week is credited to the joint savings account of the employees and the company at so many cents per pound. Every fifth week the pool is emptied. Half of it flows into the manufacturer's pocket and the other half into dividend envelopes for the employees.

Thus employees are stimulated into ability to see these opportunities. That 50-50 savings account is the string upon which are strung the beads of many individuals' attention and coöperation. And this isn't the only company. Another that I know of has split between its treasury and its employees a million dollars.

The Yankee on the farm never tolerated waste of pennies or moments until he moved from the farm, invested something, set up a shop for manufacture and met with such success in sales that he had to hire more men than he could watch. They lacked the proprietor's self-interest in economy.

The Magic of a Dollar Bill

THE industrial system itself is a big economy over all preceding systems, but in the chinks of this big economy were numerous possibilities for little wastes. Many a manufacturer and many a customer has gnashed his teeth over the minutes, motions, and material which he suspects or knows are wasted by workmen and for which the consumer has to pay in his purchase price. Consumers curse union workmen, employees try all sorts of pressure and wage schemes. But can they stir the vast number of men on other people's pay rolls to an interest in the financial waste they alone can cure?

Can we get from the employee himself action which will show up in dollars and cents? Yes. The man on the pay roll can be interested if the savings he makes will bring dollars and cents to him as well as to his employer. Don't misunderstand. The typical workman is willing to save time or material without charging anybody an extra cent for it if it can be done without extra fatigue to him. But active savings require attention to which the average man is unable to hold himself by mere good resolutions.

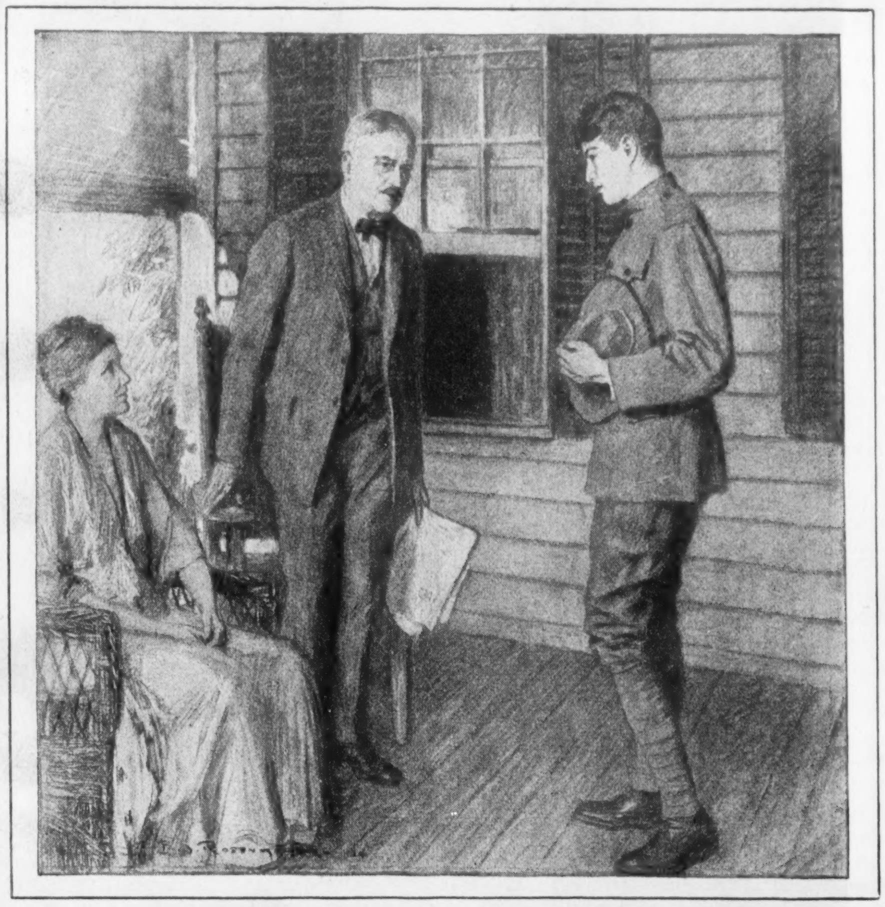
Saving requires vision—vision ahead of one's job, and behind it. A dollar is a dandy all-round optical instrument. A man can see waste a long distance off through a dollar bill. That's the way his employer sees waste so keenly. Why shouldn't the employee see it if he has the same aid to vision? And how can he be scientifically expected to see it without the same aid to vision?

"He can't," Jim Jackson's employer told me.

Sammy: A Slum Guy

By E. W. Kemble

Illustrated by B. J. Rosenmeyer



He came to see us in his trim new uniform, and how proud he was

WHEN Sammy came to us he was a bundle of rags. A pair of shabby overalls hung from his shoulder by one worn suspender. His brown knees pushed their way through spacious openings and his rust-stained shirt, much too large, was tattered. But these disfigurements in no wise detracted from a bright, attractive face lighted by dark brown eyes.

He had been "placed" by a charitable organization at a neighboring farm, and in a dispute with the man of the soil had picked up a rock to defend himself when attacked with the butt end of a horse whip. Now the boy had come to us and asked to be taken in. He did not conceal the cause of his dismissal, but related the facts.

The reply to our inquiry from the society that had sent him out was satisfactory. He was a Russian Jew and an orphan, living with relatives on the lower East Side of New York. His home life was anything but happy. In school he was studious and attentive. His age fifteen; his general character good.

The first day he was with us he wanted to do as much as he could in the shortest space of time, rushing from one chore to another and throwing out his well-shaped chest as he grinned and inquired: "What next?" As a prelude to the evening meal he asked for a tub full of water and a chunk of soap. Stripping to the waist, he scrubbed his muscular little body until it glowed, adding to the warmth of his rich brown skin. He slicked down his thick black hair, donned a cast-off shirt in exchange for his ragged garment, rolled up the sleeves and unreefed a smile, "I'm clean all right, even if me knickers is on the blink."

Neppie, the colored cook, took a keen delight in keeping his plate full at supper time, but when it came to a third helping she demurred: "Look heah, young man, you all is eatin' mo' dan grown folks, Ah gotta draw de line somewhah," but at the smiling face of the boy she melted.

As soon as the supper dishes were cleared, the boy adjusted one of her long aprons, and started to wash the dishes. Neppie gazed in amazement, "What kinder chile is you?" she queried, "jes go to wuk and do fings befo' folks git to tellin' you."

Sammy grinned, "Why, that's the right way, ain't it? If you gotta wait to be told everything, gee, you don't git nowhere."

The chore finished, he sat outside the kitchen door and sang catchy songs of the street. Neppie enjoyed these. They were different from the songs she sang at home. Sammy had to repeat them so that she might learn them. Her twisting of the words wore upon his patience.

"Aw gee, you scrap 'em. It ain't no ragtime stuff what I'm showin' yuh. Jes sing 'em even like an don't chew 'em up; that's all," and then he would begin all over again. As the dusk changed to darkness he sat at the kitchen table under the mellow glow of the big lamp and pored over the material we had placed there for him to read.

HIS writing amazed the genial colored girl. "Whar you all learn to write like that?" she exclaimed. We gave him a nature book. He reveled in the colored plates of the great luna moth and the description of the cocoon and breaking of the shell. The butterflies took his fancy more than the birds. The rose garden was a wonderland to him as with book in hand he spied the different fluttering creations and called out their names with his queer pronunciation.

Arrayed in a new outfit, the boy was pleasing to look upon. Neppie gave him a double portion of pie "for lookin' so hansum like."

But things were not going right at the farmer's cottage where Sammy roomed. One morning he strode up the dirt road, his shoulders squared, his chest out, and his fists clenched. His eyes snapped as he spoke:

"Can't I please sleep in the barn from now on? I'd be a lot better off. Them folks don't want me down there, and they're makin' it nasty for me. I ain't no tramp, and I ain't no bum. Them kids'll jes say that once too often and then there'll be a mix up."

We gave him a room in the attic, and he decorated it with crude finery. With a wild whoop, swinging his broad-brimmed hat in sweeping circles, he bounded up the front steps one evening, his face radiant with excitement.

"Gee! look what I got. Gosh, it's a knockout for sure."

He had found the cocoon of a luna moth. We congratulated him. Neppie was ordered to report to him at the very first sign of bursting life within the cocoon. Each day he examined the surface carefully and noted any change. At last the gorgeous moth emerged, and after drying its trembling wings spread them to view. Sammy was overwhelmed. "Say, it's just like a feller dyin' and bein' in a grave and then comin' out to be made a angel with wings!" He stroked the moth and vowed he'd train it to sit on his finger.

As he sat at his meals in the kitchen a kitten would perch on his shoulder while he talked to it and fed it.

One night the kitten disappeared. With lantern Sammy searched the barn and every building, saying: "I can't eat nothin' till I know where it is. It's sure just as hungry as I am." As the night wore on we heard the sobbing of the boy as he stumbled up the wagon road. The kitchen door burst open. Flinging his stocky little figure on the kitchen table, he gave way to his grief as he grasped in his clenched hand the lifeless form of his little pet. He ate no supper. "I'm gonna take the poor little gink out an' bury him. I want ter fergit it as soon as I can." So, with lantern and spade, under the branches of a huge lilac bush, he buried his pet. We could hear him later as he sobbed himself to sleep. For several days tears would come to his eyes as he ate his meals in silence. Another kitten was brought in, but he would have nothing to do with it. "It ain't Rags, and I don't want it," he said.

Neighboring farm boys had taken a dislike to Sammy from the start, and their animosity increased. One lanky, red-headed specimen had openly declared that he was going to lick the little Jew—just for the fun of it. When my son, a man of thirty, heard of it, he got out a set of boxing gloves and took the little East Sider on. The boy sailed in, gave and took wallops, ducked and side-stepped like a professional. I awaited the combat with interest. Within the week Sammy appeared one evening with shirt torn, bespattered with gore, his face flushed, and one eye swollen. I smiled and Sammy grinned.

"We had it out, and it was some little scrap."

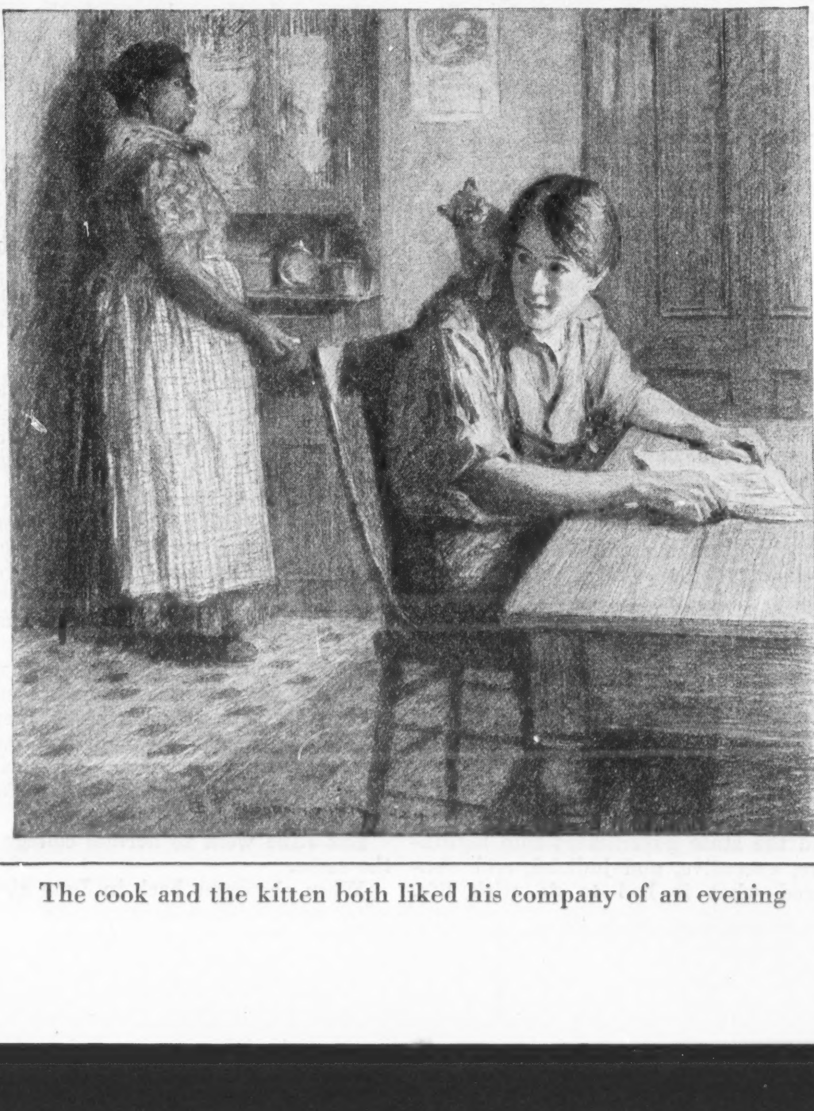
"Did you do him up good?" I asked.

"Him?" the little fellow replied. "They was two of him, and I did the big mutt. The other duck wouldn't give me no chance. He legged it for home as soon as he seen how things was goin'. That's enemy blood on me shirt; 'tain't none of mine."

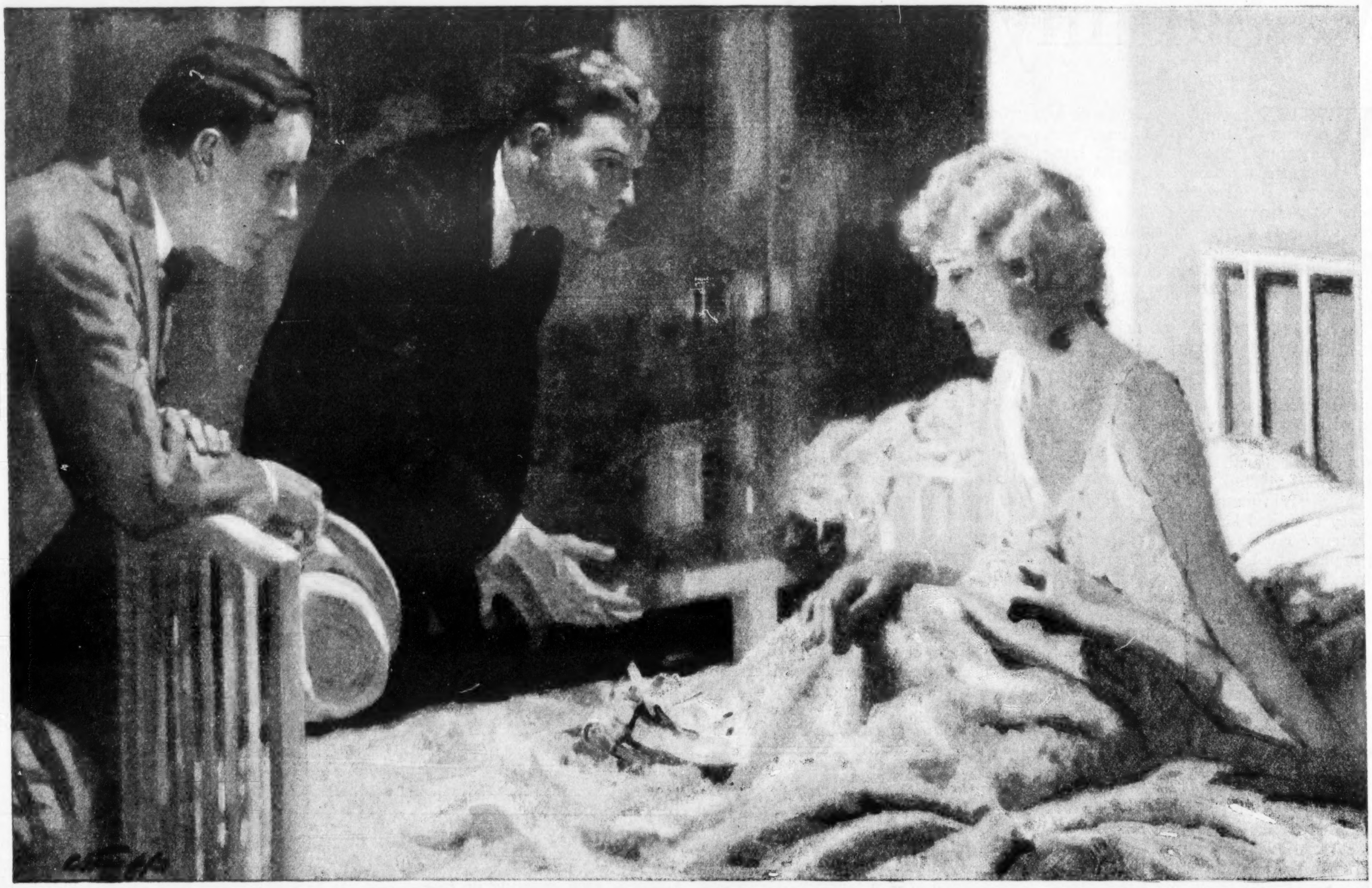
THE village boys had some respect for him from that time on. I soon learned that the little fellow was unafraid. He explained to me why it was necessary in his own case: "You can't be yaller and live in peace on the East Side."

As he worked with me in the orchard or the meadow his efforts were untiring as to the why and wherefore of things, and in return I drew from him life among his kind.

"There's seven (Continued on page 31)



The cook and the kitten both liked his company of an evening



At two in the morning the boys joyously roused Jane and spread out before her the first night's receipts. Ninety dollars!

Her Night to Howl

By Charles Divine

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs

JANE HUNTER was only a green-gage plum when she first heard the song in the night. Literal-minded persons might have objected that a mere fruit such as the plum could not be endowed with the sense of hearing, and therefore it could not heed a song. But the simile was made by Jane herself, years later when she was a woman. At the time when she was a "green-gage plum," however—and unconscious of it—she was too immature to know why her heart ached that night.

When the party at the cottage ended, she started alone toward camp, dragging her footsteps through the lush grass. She was dazed and hurt. None of the boys had wanted to see her home. They had paired off with Dorothy and Helen and the other girls and wandered across the island. Some would glide in canoes back down the Susquehanna to the city. Others would scatter through the moonlight to pastoral spots under the great elm trees.

Jane was younger than Dorothy or Helen, and she lacked their bloom. Her mind, though in swift, sensitive growth, couldn't cope with all mysteries. She could feel anger—anger at two facts: the first, that the universe consisted chiefly of this island where the summer night was so sweet and warm; the second, that she was alone in it!

As she came to the path in front of the camp, her hands clenched. She saw that Uncle Frank, who was asleep in his tent, had left his box of cigarettes outside on the table. In a gesture of revolt she snatched up one of the cigarettes and entered her own tent.

She sat down on the edge of her cot and lighted the cigarette. She had never smoked one before, and yet, as she puffed it, she was so intent on the rebellion in her thoughts that she never remembered what effect the cigarette had on her. It aroused no physical symptoms she was ever to recall later, only association with this night of longing and disappointment.

She undressed and got into bed.

As she lay there, thinking, she could see the moonlight through the open tent flap, flooding the grass with a soft, bluish silver, a haze that stretched far across the island. The night was so warm that she kicked off the blankets and lay under only one thin sheet. She stared wistfully out at the meadow in the pale light. The scents of the night swam richly into the tent. Somewhere, out there in the moonlit world, were Dorothy and Helen.

It seemed hours before they came back, whispering, and began to undress in the dark.

"Aren't you even going to brush your teeth?"

"No. Too sleepy."

They slipped into bed, and silence settled over the island. Then suddenly Jane heard the song in the night!

She knew it was a couple in a canoe drifting lazily down the river, probably close to the bank where the current was slow and branches drooped over the stream, with the moonlight falling through in a network of silver and shadows. The girl was playing a Hawaiian guitar in languid, moody chords and singing a low air. The boy's tenor followed it like a caress. It was all very sweet and lovely.

It was only a couple in a canoe, but to Jane, listening tensely, it was also more than that. The song did something to her. It made her want to cry. The couple out there, singing in the night, had something she lacked, something she was missing. Was it life? Whatever it was, it made them happy and her unhappy. The exquisite misery that filled her caused tears to come into her eyes and make a damp spot on her pillow. She had never known such wretchedness.

IN SEPTEMBER Uncle Frank's camp broke up, and Jane reluctantly went back to the city to her stepfather's house. She entered the Clifton Central High School, where her brother Jim was already a sophomore. As time passed, she found that her report cards were more of a credit to her than her dance programs. This was rather disturbing, for she didn't want the reputation of being a grind, though learning came easy to her.

She divided all Gaul into three parts and the state government into legislative, executive, and judicial, and wondered what it had to do with life. Poetry she liked, and the shining world in books and outside on the hills.

At graduation she read the class essay—all about beauty and ancient Greece—a neat little thing of fourteen carefully typewritten pages, held together by two pieces of lavender ribbon.

After graduation many of the girls, who had been looking for thrills, now began to look for husbands, and most of them succeeded. But Jane, with no decision to make on that point yet, thought she would take up teaching. Uncle Frank and Aunt Ethel said they would pay her expenses through two years of normal college. At this her stepfather scowled at her. He was a big, ungainly man, was Asa B. Teller, whose scowl was extremely significant —to him. It marked an omniscient disapprobation.

"I shouldn't think you'd want to teach school," he said as he sat down to supper in shirt sleeves and suspenders. (If Jane went away to normal college, he would have to hire a housekeeper.) "Schoolmarms never get anywhere!"

Mr. Teller was one of those men who believed in everybody's getting to some vague goal called "somewhere," identified by a bank account or honorable mention in the newspaper. The Clifton "Republican" was partial to his fame as an after-dinner speaker.

But Jane went to normal college all the same.

When she came back in June at the

end of her two years she found her brother Jim on the verge of marriage. In fact, everybody was getting married now. Dorothy, Helen, Irma, all her best friends, were taking charge of a home of their own, a husband and eventually a little car, and, again eventually, a little gocart. Jane wanted all of these, but there was no one who could open this vista of a larger life to her except, perhaps, Ted Payne—and she wasn't sure of Ted.

Jim was also on the verge of another project, a scheme which he hoped would help along his marriage by bringing in some money. Jane was amused when he told her the details. He and Ted Payne and two others were going to improve each shining hour of the evening—shining with the incandescent glamour of electric bulbs—by running a dance hall! A jazz band which Jim had organized for pleasure—at high school—was going to be turned to profit.

JANE was almost as excited as Jim when he left the house on the night of the opening. "Wake me up when you come in," she told him. "I'll want to know whether it's a success or not."

Thus it was that Jim joyously led his three friends into Jane's bedroom at two in the morning, and Jane sat up blinking in the sudden flood of electricity. There was also a flood of gold emptied out of the pockets of youth.

"Open your lap!" cried Jim, and Jane spread her knees under the quilt, laughing and sharing the boys' enthusiasm as they counted the first night's receipts.

Ted Payne alone remained standing apart, a tall, young man whose frank eyes looked a little stunned. "Danceland" was a success. They had made ninety dollars.

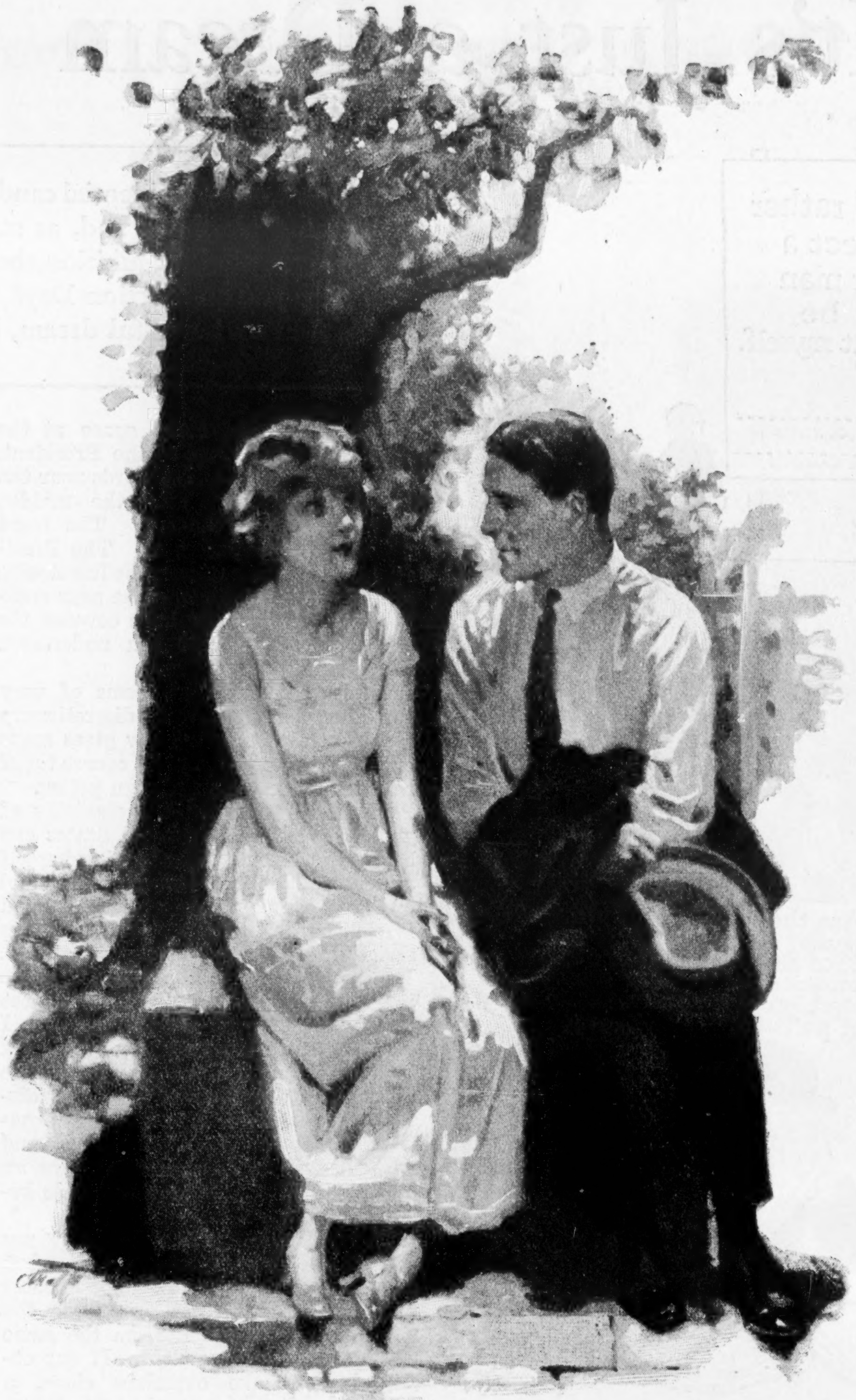
"Aren't you thrilled, Ted?" asked Jane.

He was thrilled, all right. But it wasn't the sight of so much money that made him speechless at a moment when the others were elated; it was the picture Jane made as she sat propped up against her pillow with the pale oval of her face framed in a mass of light brown hair. She was beautiful in a strange way that held him aloof, somehow. Her profile was delicate, her features sharp and evenly chiseled, and the brown of her eyes had an uncommon quality. To Ted they were ambiguous, amber eyes. He was certain of their amber, but their ambiguity puzzled him; he never knew whether the light in them was mockery or magic.

The wonder of her was still with him when he left the house and made his way around the corner to his own home. He had always supposed that a girl surprised in sleep, without the aid of cosmetics and feminine adornment, presented an appearance as disillusioning as did his aunt, who was all chaos and curl papers. But Jane—

"Another fallacy exploded!"

JANE was returning home from a meeting of the Book Club one evening in the company of the rich and socially prominent Mrs. Albert Mason Treadwell. They walked along River Street, which Jane liked best of all Clifton's thoroughfares. On one side was the river wall and a little strip of park in which the city fathers had recently erected benches, as if for lovers on warm nights like this, and then, as if regretting their indulgence, had hung a street lamp over each bench for civic surveillance. Around them the June bugs were holding open-air forums. Jane was so intent on watching them that she scarcely heeded what Mrs. Treadwell was saying. Then suddenly she heard something else.



"But, Jane—" He hesitated desperately. "I'm only a carpenter!"

It was a song floating out on the summer night. Echoing here under the trees, it stirred her deeply, calling to mind another time when she had heard music on another such night by the same river. In her it started memories and emotions too vague to be part of her conscious life. It made her heart beat fast.

The next moment the lighted building from which the song issued came into view, and she realized what it was—"Danceland." She knew that she wanted to go there at once, this night, this minute, despite the incongruous presence of Mrs. Treadwell at her side. In the lighted windows, from which all glass and sash had been removed for the freer circulation of air, were framed the backs of couples sitting on the sills, listening to the song that came to Jane so poignantly in the street.

"Some kind of a dance hall," commented Mrs. Treadwell in a tone that implied she would never be a patroness at a function there.

Jane turned to her breathlessly: "I've forgotten something. Oh, excuse me if I leave you. I must run!"

She dashed away from Mrs. Treadwell's side, turned the corner like a flash, and ran into the entrance to "Danceland." There she paused, a slim, panting figure overtaken by awe at her own audacity. She mounted the steps to the third floor, wondering, in the reaction following her physical exertion, what she had expected to find here that she should have been in such a fever to reach it.

In the hall she saw that the singer had gone from the platform. He was only some fellow who wanted to perform because his girl was present. Now he was lost in the gaudily tricked-out crowd swarming across the floor under the colored-paper decorations, which hung trembling from the ceiling with the lights embedded in them.

Jane saw her brother Jim pounding away at the piano for dear life. He grinned at her cheerfully.

Ted Payne looked up from his traps and waved one of his drumsticks at her in greeting.

SHE gasped. She hadn't suspected that her brother's jazz was so good. And as for Ted Payne, it was a revelation to see how smoothly, with no wasted movements, he evoked the epitome of rhythm among the sounding drums. Fascinated, she watched him at his work—or was it play?—sitting with his strong, straight shoulders and dark head showing above the rim of the big bass drum.

Ted was still unmarried, and Jane, as she watched him wonderingly, knew he was the only young man in Clifton she cared about—in that way.

It astonished her to find him articulate in his barbaric fashion, for ordinarily he had a distinctly quiet way about him. Even his features seemed to emphasize it; he had a well-shaped but reticent mouth, a chin that set itself squarely about its business, eyes that were candid but uncommunicative. . . . And here he was making all this noise in an orchestra! It was probably his safety valve. Jane wished he would choose another way of letting off steam, such as verbal explosions when he was in her company.

BUT when he walked home with her that night he said nothing that was at all reminiscent of the spirit of jazz. He was again the quiet young man, though now and then, when Jane wasn't looking, he stole glances at her delicate profile which were a complete confession. Many a man before Ted had been in love with a girl and afraid to tell her so for fear she would laugh at him. But in Ted's case it was also something more than that. It was fear of her intellect, of that "beauty" she was always talking about so mysteriously, erecting it like a barrier between them, as she did again this night when she stopped at a bakery window to watch a late worker inside.

"There's beauty for you!" she announced, peering at the baker in his dusty clothes. "A man cunning in his craft. Lumps of dough magically manipulated. See the curve in which a miracle exists for a moment. And to-morrow, Ted, you may be feeding on beauty baked in a sarcophagus!"

She meant a loaf of bread, but Ted, who was often bewildered by her speech, replied:

"No, to-morrow I'll be standing on a scaffold hammering nails." He referred to his real job, the building of houses by A. C. Payne & Son. Ted was the son.

"That's not to be scoffed at either. In your case it may be atavistic."

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"The first Payne may have helped to build the Pyramids. His anonymity is buried in that pile of masonry in the desert."

Ted said nothing. Whenever Jane talked of beauty, he looked at her face; he could understand the pale beauty there. But when she spoke of his work as a carpenter he looked at nothing and wondered if she were mocking him.

"Jane, you're a high-brow who builds castles in the air. I'm a low-brow who builds bungalows on the ground."

"Oh, my dear!" She laughed. "That gives me a marvelous opportunity for a pun—a bungalow-brow."

"Yes, that's me!" He spoke a little bitterly.

IN JULY Jane's brother married, and moved to the other side of town into a little house of his own. Her uncle and aunt had already left Clifton to take up their residence in another city, where Frank Hunter found a commercial opportunity that no sane man could afford to reject.

Jane felt that she was now alone in Clifton. In her stepfather's house life became more and more depressing. Mr. Teller's conversation was too concerned with his own petty triumphs in business and oratory to hold any interest for Jane, and when he came home to meals, entering the house with a gusty "H'lo, Jane! Your boarder's back!" she marveled at his success in being invited out, his table manners were so uncivilized! . . . In contrast with him her thoughts always leaped to Ted Payne. In Ted

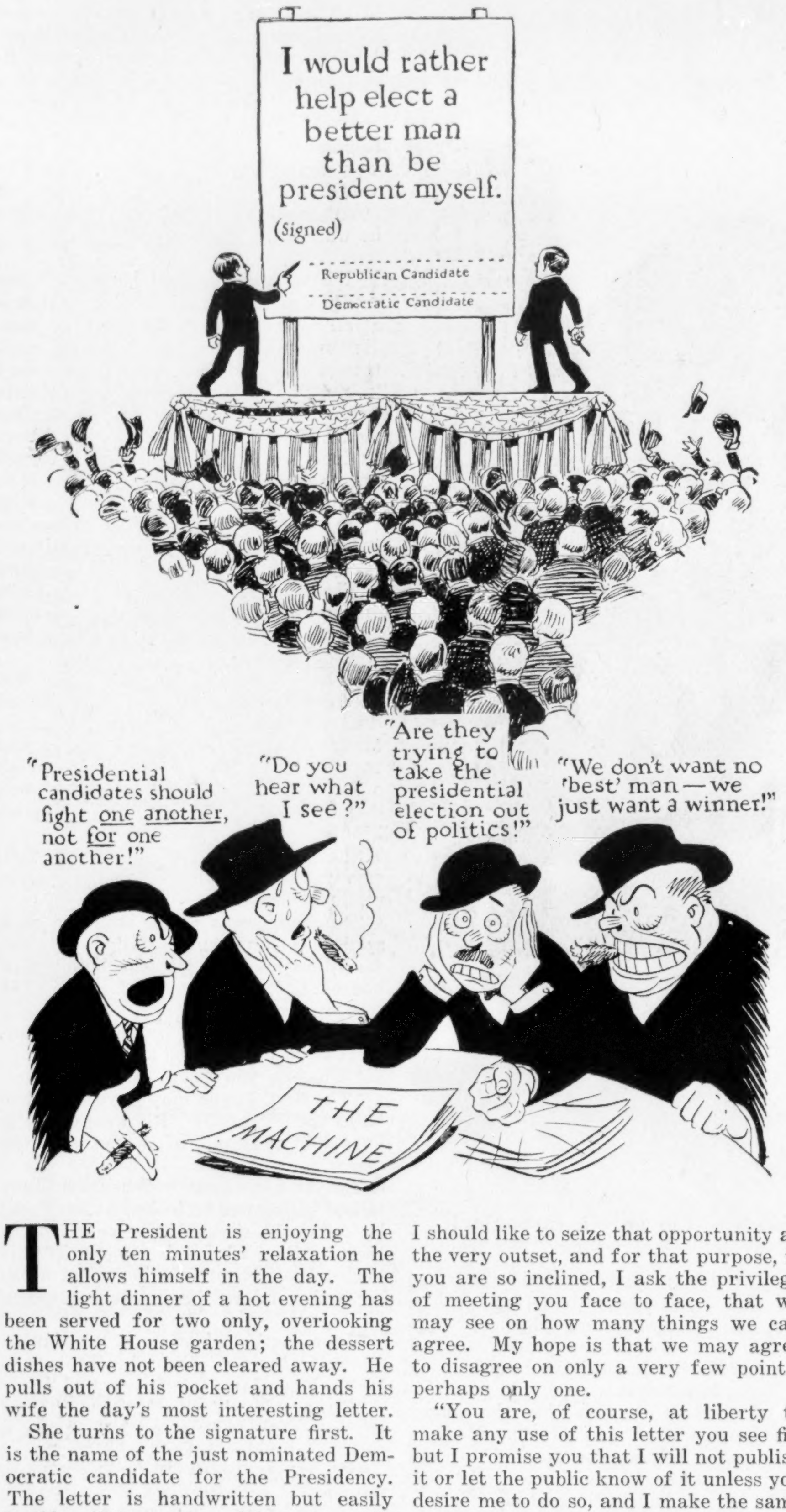
(*Continued on page 31*)

So Far, It's Just a Dream

By Charles W. Atwater

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

Suppose that Presidential candidates forgot party ties and vote-catching platforms and, as statesmen, not as politicians, debated taxation, prohibition, the League, and the tariff. Wouldn't it help you on Election Day? Wouldn't we get a better President? It's a beautiful dream, but some day it may come true.


I would rather help elect a better man than be president myself.
(Signed)
Republican Candidate
Democratic Candidate
"Presidential candidates should fight one another, not for one another!"
"Do you hear what I see?"
"Are they trying to take the presidential election out of politics!"
"We don't want no 'best' man—we just want a winner!"
THE MACHINE

THE President is enjoying the only ten minutes' relaxation he allows himself in the day. The light dinner of a hot evening has been served for two only, overlooking the White House garden; the dessert dishes have not been cleared away. He pulls out of his pocket and hands his wife the day's most interesting letter.

She turns to the signature first. It is the name of the just nominated Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The letter is handwritten but easily legible. "It's genuine—I'd answer without consulting," is her comment as she hands the paper back. The President reaches out another paper—his reply already written in his own hand, and as she reads the reply he rereads the letter, the full text of which is:

"THE PRESIDENT,
"Washington, D. C.

"SIR: Having the highest respect for your integrity and your executive capacity, and having seen you place the welfare of our country above party and above personal interest, I venture to make a suggestion for the coming campaign.

"The contest will be useful to our country only if the people see clearly what principles we are contesting. The party platforms this year, as usual, are so ambiguous that they leave to you and me an opportunity to define the issue. I should like to seize that opportunity at the very outset, and for that purpose, if you are so inclined, I ask the privilege of meeting you face to face, that we may see on how many things we can agree. My hope is that we may agree to disagree on only a very few points, perhaps only one.

"You are, of course, at liberty to make any use of this letter you see fit, but I promise you that I will not publish it or let the public know of it unless you desire me to do so, and I make the same promise for our interview, should you grant it. Respectfully,

"———"

The President's answer reads simply: "I shall be very glad to meet you here at 9.30 Wednesday evening."

On Wednesday, journeying alone, the Democratic candidate gets off the train at Baltimore, and hires a touring car to drive him to Washington.

On foot at the White House gate, he is recognized in the dusk for the first time by a lone man who has been waiting for him, whom he had seen on the train, and who goes with him approvingly into the house.

The President is waiting. A nod from the usher assures the President of the success of his opponent's precautions for privacy. Very little time is wasted in preliminaries. The visitor produces two long cards, duplicates, with a well-spaced column of single words and extra space at the foot. He hands one to the President. "Taxation" is one of the words near the top, "Prohibition" near the middle, "Tariff" toward the end. The word "Foreign" is underscored. The President lets his eye run over the list slowly, and when he has finished he says smilingly: "You seem to have covered the field, but why didn't you underscore 'Tariff' too?"

Reply: "Even that seems of very secondary importance; the discretionary feature of the existing law gives scope enough for the present. Of course tariff has its bearing upon foreign policy.

"I do not question the sincerity of your belief that the United States can best serve the world by making herself an example of self-sufficient law and order, generous where immediate need is obvious, but otherwise attending as strictly as possible to her own affairs. You believe that the very fact that we are almost an enigma is the strongest curb upon the war plans of others. I can be of true service to my country if in this campaign I can help the people to see that there are at least two distinct alternatives before us internationally; to see them both clearly and without fear or hate, and to have an opportunity by their vote to decide between the two.

"I should be willing to limit my speeches not only in subject matter but also in number to a few joint debates with you, if it is not presuming too much to ask to speak from the same platform as the President. If our object is to make ourselves clear, a few real debates at comfortable intervals are best for our purpose."

And so the interview runs on; the President does not commit himself fully that evening; but before many days carefully prepared announcements are issued showing accurately what and how the candidates have been plotting. Partisan newspapers see black art practiced by one upon the other, yellow newspapers scoff, but on the whole the press and the public are good-naturedly expectant of a healthy political novelty.

The debates bring out, more by half hints than by direct word, that neither candidate seeks the Presidency except as an opportunity for service, and that a good proportion of each ego would prefer that the other should be elected to bear the burdens, withstand the pressures, and receive the glittering glories, net emoluments, and eternal publicity of high office. Each listens to what the other has to say. In the second debate the President playfully threatens to offer his opponent a seat in his cabinet; the retort is that the President will not be allowed to quit the nation's service; no matter how the election eventuates, he will not be reduced below Attorney General and may even aspire to being Secretary of State if he will only listen to pro-League arguments a little longer.

Naturally the President's argument starts with Washington's warning against entangling alliances. The majesty of a foreign policy that remains unchanged through the centuries has a strong appeal even in our democratic republic.

The Democrat answers that Washington could not have meant to advise against all associations of sovereign states. Washington, the revolutionist, after his war, was still adventurous enough to sign that progressive innovation, the Constitution of the United States—a document which has several points of similarity with the Covenant of the League of Nations. Rapid conveyances and electric messages have brought the nations of the world closer together to-day than were the thirteen sovereign states in 1789. The eighteenth-century objections to the Constitution are deadly parallels to the objections made in 1920 to the covenant which is to unite the world for peace. Would Washington, if alive to-day, have let us ally ourselves with others for war and then let us stand against the subsequent peaceful evolution of international law and order—evolution by force of which fifty-four of the world's sixty-two nations and four fifths of the world's population have already united in one covenant without reservations?

Confronting such a rising tide, even the United States cannot advantageously impersonate an ostrich on the beach, with head in the sands of time.

Bunkless Debates

THE debates clear up to what extent the League is a superstate, to what extent a useless weakling, to what extent a helpful means of exchanging noncontroversial general-welfare information and of bringing controversies to friendly conclusions. The way both debaters refer to the text of official documents and refuse to go skylarking for their facts is distressing.

By September the people have been brought to the frame of mind in which they see that permanent peace, like other things worth while, cannot be obtained unless they work for it. They begin to see that the League may offer the best hope that the boys and girls now growing up may never be required to visit Europe in the uniforms of war. The debates have become a weekly function. The President is always given the right to make the first and the last speech. Toward the end of September, when he rises to make his opening address, he announces that he will not take as much time as usual on this occasion. He has not only listened to his opponent, but has thought deeply between debates and now he is ready to declare that as between the purposes of the candidates for President there is no longer any issue, and he goes on to say, "If anyone votes for me, he will be voting *for* the League of Nations." The President sits down, his opponent rises. He begins to speak: "Providence has served its purpose with my candidacy. *I ask the country to make the President's reëlection unanimous*—but watch your ballot for the representatives and senators." Applause and laughter.

The Education of My Son John

What I Am Doing to Give My Boy a Start Toward a Confident, Useful Life

By An Average American Father

MY SON JOHN is six and a half years old. In every sense he is an *average* boy. He has the average boy's tastes and inclinations, the average boy's exasperating shortcomings, and surely not more than the average boy's intelligence or mental and physical capacity.

In working with him I have about come to the conclusion that the first dozen years of a boy's life are more important in his education than all the years of schooling that follow; moreover, what he learns at school is secondary in importance to what he may be taught at home by his parents during these first dozen years. I have also discovered that in thinking things through with my son John, I have been adding to my own life a knowledge of fundamental principles and a capacity for reasoning such as I had not before possessed.

As I see it, my job as a father is to bring John up to that day when he shall have to face the problem of earning a place in the world and a living for himself and (I hope) a family, with an equipment sufficiently *above the average* to insure a confident, useful, well-rounded life, with enough money to enable him to live.

To me it has always seemed that one of the first requisites to a confident, capable, self-reliant life is to be able to use one's hands well. Though not engaged in an occupation based on skill of hand, I believe a man should be able to face the world with his bare hands and earn bread and salt sufficient for himself and his family. This was made clear to me at the age of seven when my own father, a prosperous and respected business man in a mid-western city, moved to the Pacific coast, met with business reverses, lost every dollar, and was temporarily unfitted for brain work by the mental depression growing out of his reverses. In the emergency he had to resort to his hands to make a living for us all for a period of two years before he could reëstablish himself in business. A meager living it was, for his hands were untrained.

As I look back now I can see that this experience taught me not only the practical necessity of being able to use one's hands well, but also respect for the skill of those who earn their living by their hands; a respect which our children should feel if our democracy is to succeed.

I am going to teach my son John how things look close-up

So, when my son John reached the age of three I undertook the education of his hands. I sprawled on the floor with him and helped him build houses and garages and towers and forts with his blocks, always letting him decide what we were to build and how it was to be constructed, so that his initiative and imagination should have full play, but quietly seeing to it that he made his walls even and his corners square and his roofs sound. Thus while we played together his fingers and mind were being trained in precision. To-day he is tolerantly superior toward the higgledy-piggledy structures he sees other children make. He builds substantially as a matter of course; it is in his fingers, put there when his fingers were easier to train than ever they will be again.

When my son John had arrived at the advanced age of three and one-half I began to introduce him to tools.

The minute one starts to use tools one begins to train one's hand and head together. The use of tools develops, on the mental side, concentration, reasoning ability, a logical appreciation of the relation between cause and effect, and a taste for the joy of accomplishment; and on the physical side, skill of fingers, control of the muscles, and power of endurance.

Collier's asked the man who wrote this interesting article—a well-known writer—to put his name over it. "No," he said, "that would identify the boy and tend to make him self-conscious, and it's important that he shouldn't be." The father is right. There are hints for every parent in this narrative.

This all sounds like a pretty heavy lesson for a child of three and one-half, but the heaviness is all in the terms, not in the application. My son John acquired these things in homeopathic doses. If I had to fix the lock on the front door I would invite him to "help" me. At first I thought all he could do was to hold the hammer or the screw driver for me and hand it to me as I needed it. But presently it occurred to me that in doing such a job I should ask him what he supposed was the first thing to be done toward getting the lock out. Generally he would suggest the wrong step first. My natural impulse was to explain why this was not the first step, but I soon discovered that the better way was to proceed to do what he suggested, in a perfectly matter-of-fact way. Of course, the lock would not come out. Then we would stand and study the problem and he would make some other suggestion, which I would follow out, only to find that still the lock would not come out.

Eventually we would have taken all the steps required to get the lock out. Then I would ask for suggestions as to getting the cover off, letting him take the lock in his hands and study it out.

When the oiling or repairing was finished, we would put the lock together, put it back in the door, and put on the knobs again, once more following his dictation all the way through. This same procedure we would go through in cleaning out a trap under the sink, repairing a sewing-machine belt, putting a new plug on an electric lamp cord, or whatever odd job I had on hand.

As the child's hands grew strong enough to loosen screws, squeeze pincers and turn bolts with a wrench, I would ask him what he supposed should be done first, and when he had reasoned it out I would tell him to choose the proper tool with which to do it. At first sometimes he would pick out the wrong tool. Restraining my natural impulse to correct him, I would let him try it for himself and discover why it would not work and reason out what kind of tool would accomplish his purpose.

I shall never forget the glow of pride and satisfaction on his face when he took out his first screw all by himself and discovered that it released the door knobs so they could be taken off. And I wonder if Columbus experienced any greater thrill over discovering the New World than my son John did the first time he took a lock out all by himself!

By the time the boy was four and one-half or five it never occurred to me to take out a lock or disconnect the wires from an electric light plug (a "dead" one, of course) or do any other job that he knew how to do. I would merely say, "John, I wish you would take out the back-door lock and bring it to me," or, "John, Mother wants us to put this new plug on the chain in the washtub in the laundry." And John would patter upstairs, get out "our" tools, and after ten or fifteen minutes of puffing and sputtering and talking to himself, bring the lock to me, all the screws held tightly in one sweaty little hand, or else report the laundry tub "all fixed."

Visitors in our home are always greatly impressed to hear me issue orders of this kind. To me the only noteworthy fact about it is that my son John is not naturally mechanically minded, any more than I am. He has learned to handle tools because they were put into his hands, and he was trained to think out how to use them.

What I am trying to teach him is that his hands are given him to *use*, and that he should be sufficiently capable and self-reliant to turn them to whatever task faces them and perform it with precision and dispatch.

The matter of use-ability seems to me to be fundamental to education. At six-and-one-half John does not know the alphabet, but he knows more about *using* the letters of the alphabet than I did at eight. He learned to use letters on my typewriter. I don't recall his age when he first started to typewrite, but I recall that he was not much more than walking and talking when he saw me typing one day and demanded, "I want to make it go."

So I put a fresh sheet of paper in the machine and he spent half an hour picking on the keys. I told him to help himself any time he felt the urge. For weeks he typed nothing but assorted lines of letters and figures. Then one day I discovered in the machine a sheet bearing the word "hot," typed with John's unmistakable touch. He sought a "word" to write and had bethought himself of the words on the bathtub faucets. Tackling "hot" first, he carried the "h" in his mind from the bathroom to the typewriter, punched the "h" key, returned for the next letter, and finally made the third trip for the "t." From then on the letters of the alphabet became useful tools and he spent considerable time at the typewriter picking out words. What if he did get the machine a bit out of kilter? A repair man tightened it up and realigned it in an hour. Meanwhile John had learned to *use* letters and words with his fingers and his mind.

A few weeks after he had entered school and began the struggle with reading he asked me one morning at breakfast, "Daddy, what does the paper say about the weather?"

"Read it for yourself," I said, handing him the paper. He grinned. "I can't read a newspaper."

"Why not? Just words, same as you read at school. What's the first word?"

He riveted his attention on "The Weather." "Rain," he announced, "To-day. To-to-mor-mor-ow fair and-and-warm-warm-er," he pieced it out. I shall never forget the expression on his face as he looked up from that newspaper. It wasn't merely triumph; he had made a great discovery: this business of reading that he was struggling over so at school was something a fellow could *use!* It worked with newspapers!

Being something that could be used right away, reading was decidedly worth cultivating, and the lad has advanced very rapidly in reading ever since. He will tackle anything in type. He is left to choose his own reading, from the children's books and magazines provided for him, and the periodicals on the living-room table.

Speaking of words brings me to the next step in my son John's education. Equal in importance to being able to read and to use one's hands is an appreciation of the meaning and importance of four words:

Why?
Plan
Fulfill
Consequences

No child is well equipped for life who is not well acquainted with these four words and possessed of a keen sense of their true meaning and when and where to apply them.

The question "Why" is at the bottom of all education, for it is the word that uncovers underlying principles and ferrets out the reasons for things.

That is why I have sought from the first to make my son John dissatisfied with any answer or any explanation in connection with his "Whys" that does not rest on the principle or underlying reason involved.

Father Learns a Few Things

HE STUMPS me frequently. I have had to brush up on my physics and physical geography and mathematics, and almost every other study of my school days. But I have made it a rule never to let an important "Why" question go unanswered. And I still have fallen short of satisfactory explanations many times. Incidentally I might add that I have learned more principles myself in the past year and a half than I ever did in school. I *have to*, to keep up with my job!

Please do not get the impression that my conversations with my son over these "Why" questions take on the form of Harvard lectures. As a rule, I try to get him to tell *me* first what *he* thinks is the reason or the principle that explains his question, and I chase his idea or explanations down to the underlying principle with "Why" questions of my own. In other words, I turn the "Whys" around and make him do as much of the thinking as possible.

But before the subject is dropped, I try to *show* him the principle in operation, or *demonstrate* the theory or the reason so that he has a clear mental picture of it.

Scientific Hide and Seek

THIS I cannot always do at the time. Often I have to watch my chance and work it in with his play. And I am constantly surprised to discover how easily rather academic theories or principles can be taught in this way.

As an example of explaining a rather abstruse principle, when my son John wanted to know why steel steamboats don't sink, while pieces of iron or steel do, I took him as far as he would go by asking questions myself instead of answering them, and then, watching for an opportunity, one day when he was sailing boats in the bathtub I taught him the principle of displacement with a heavy glass baking dish. We worked it out not as a serious matter but as an interesting game or experiment.

Geography will be an old friend when he comes to it in school

I have since heard him explain the principle of displacement (though he doesn't know it by that name) to a grown woman who had never understood it and make her see the theory of it clearly. Just so I have heard him explain mechanical principles and nature principles—and moral principles—to the children he has been playing with. "Don't you see *why?*" he will say. "It's because—" and he is off on an explanation of something that might ordinarily be passed over as merely an interesting fact or phenomenon.

What I am interested in is developing in him the habit of thinking things through to conclusions. If I can start him out of that habit, he will get twice as much out of his schooling as he otherwise would and he will always be a lap ahead of his contemporaries, for most people swallow facts and ideas and theories whole and never digest them.

My next word, "Plan," represents a different kind of education. The big point is to teach planning, as well as many other useful lessons, not abstractly but in connection with a child's interest, for then the lessons are real and useful.

The most effective method I have found is the simple expedient of making John pause frequently before he starts to do something and asking him some such question as: "What shall you do first?" "How are you going about it?" "Just when will you take care of it?" "What is your plan?"

Planning involves two things: first, getting a mental picture of the job to be done; and, second, organizing in one's mind the steps or methods necessary to carry out the plan.

The other Sunday afternoon I had an excellent opportunity to impress on my son John the value of planning. He had a lot of tiny lead soldiers in his dump truck and wanted me to hide them for him, "the way pirates hid their treasures," he explained, so he could go in search of them with his truck.

I hid small piles of them in four places in his room. He quickly found one of the piles of "treasure," but after nearly half an hour he came and told me he couldn't find the others. "I've looked around everywhere," he stated discouragedly. "You hid them too hard."

"No," I said, "I didn't hide them too hard! The trouble is you are searching too hard for them. You are searching without any plan." Then I put aside my reading and showed him how to plan a search, not using his own room where the soldiers were hidden, but the guest bedroom.

Just Like the Secret Service

"PICK out the most likely place first," I explained, and selecting the closet I showed him how to remove one article at a time—take it clear out of the closet, open it up, examine every crevice, fold or opening, and leave it out (instead of dumping it right back in again as children generally do), until he had the whole closet cleaned out and was so *sure* the hidden treasure was not there (if it was not) that he would never even think of looking in there again.

Having done that, I picked the next most likely corner of the room and started to search.

"Never mind, I see how you mean, Daddy," he said, "I'll bet I can find all the treasures upstairs."

"Where are you going to search first?" I asked.

"Around my bookcase."

"And where next?"

A moment of thought. "In my closet."

"Where in your closet?"

"On the floor first, then on the shelves."

By that time he was too eager to take up the search to make him plan any more and off he trotted upstairs. I pulled out my watch. In just three minutes he had found one of the three hidden "treasures." And exactly two minutes later he had found the second! Five minutes of planned searching had done more than a half an hour of unorganized poking around.

Round Geography Beats Flat

THE third "treasure" he could not find, and for the excellent reason that the lead soldiers were in plain sight in a row along the chalk groove of his blackboard! After searching for them for a long time, he came downstairs, utterly discouraged again. He had looked everywhere. So I stopped again and took him into the dining-room. "We'll have to try a different plan, if the first plan has failed," I said. "Sometimes it is a good idea to stand in the middle of the room and just look all around without moving an inch. Look at the walls, at the ceiling, the window sills, the lighting fixtures, over and under the furniture—everywhere you can see. Try that plan."

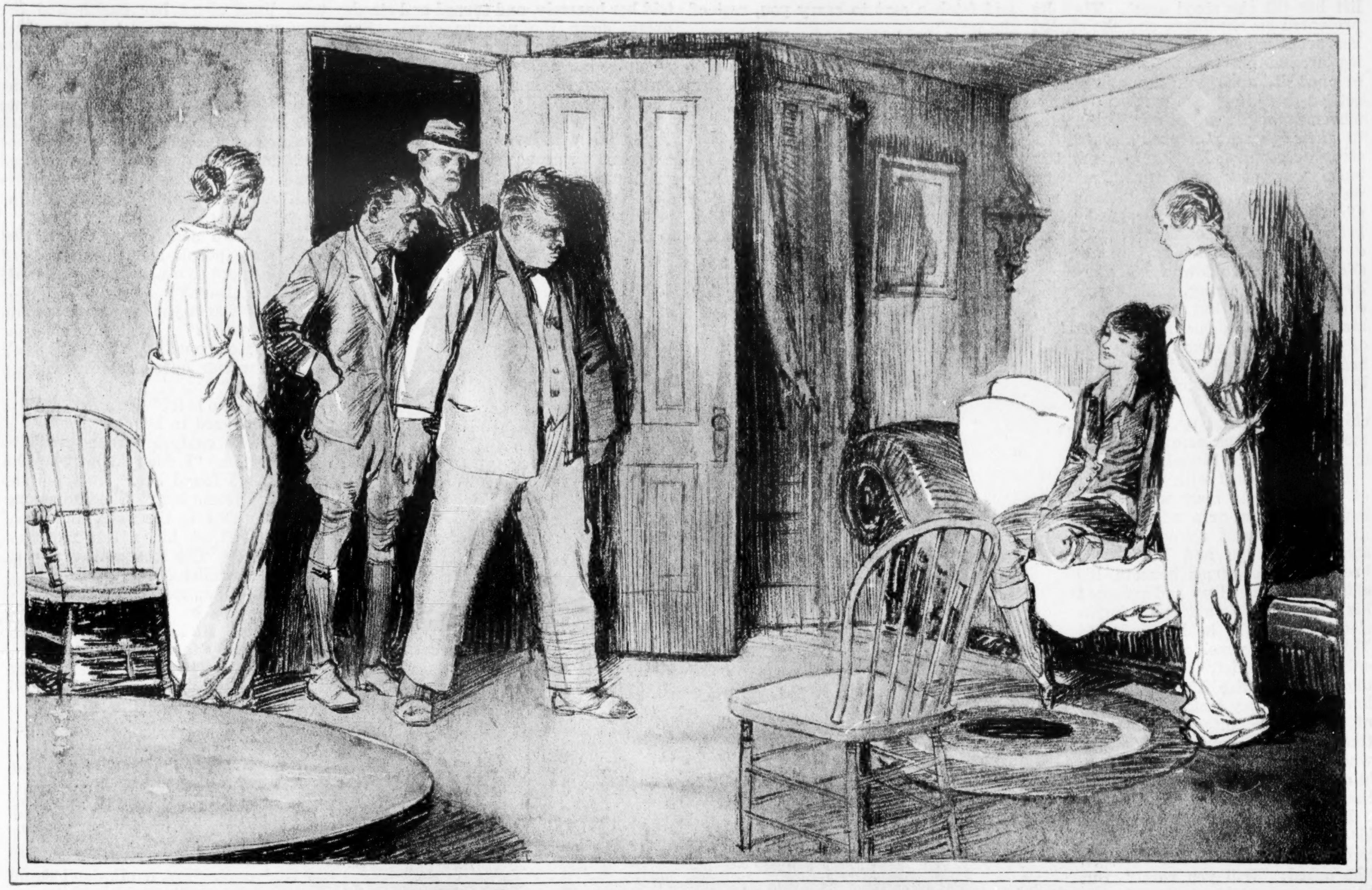
Off he went and in just thirty-one seconds by my watch after he had entered his room he gave a shout. "Why, they are right on my blackboard! That was a good plan, Dad."

These two plans of searching are now part of John's education. The very next day he put them to work—of his own initiative—in finding his mittens, and informed me with great satisfaction "our looking-for-things plan works with mittens, too, Daddy."

If I can teach my son John to look at a task or a program of any kind as a whole first, and then to decide what is the first step to be taken, and then the second, and so on, I will have given him a better working start than the average college graduate has.

And that leads quite naturally to the third key-word of my son John's education—"Fulfill." He will have to learn sooner or later that to make a good "try" at any task or any job is not enough; that the only thing that really *counts* in any undertaking, from running an errand to running a million-dollar corporation, is to *fulfill* the requirements of that undertaking. It is the men and women who can *fulfill* who keep this world moving, and are able to live above the average. I want my son John to know this before he leaves home, so I am starting now to plan this conception in his mind, in connection with his play, with the little tasks around the house, and with his simple school lessons. I was as overjoyed as some of my neighbors seemed to be disgruntled to learn recently that at John's school word

(*Continued on page 21*)



As the door opened, the stout man saw the dancer on the sofa and strode toward her, volleying words in a strange tongue

The Mountain

By Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

Chapter III

BY AND BY Dave said decisively: "The moon's high enough. We can get started now."

She pouted a little. "Does the hour then end? I have been happy with you."

"Time to get home," he replied. "Put on your shoe and stocking."

"It has cooled the hurt, to leave it bare." She wriggled her toes for him to see. "Is my foot not a pretty one?"

"The branches will scratch you," he warned her; and she sighed a little and obediently drew the stocking on her leg, but she made him help with her shoe, and held her foot so awkwardly that he was forced to take her ankle in his hand to steady it. His blunt fingers fumbled with the laces till she exclaimed:

"Not so tight, bull of a man. My feet will scream."

He loosened them till she was satisfied, and tied them so, and got to his feet. She raised her hands to him, expecting to be lifted from where she sat. He said: "Can't you figure to walk, where it's level?"

"No single step," she told him decisively. "You must bear me all the way. Take my hands."

He offered her his, and she grasped them and came to her feet with a graceful movement, leaning her weight on his arms.

He hesitated, uncertain what to do next; and she said imperiously: "Make a chair in which I may ride. Come, I will show you the way."

Dave glanced around uncomfortably, as though half afraid there might be hidden spectators about, and he licked his lips in embarrassment. But he could not contest her insistence, so obeyed her.

From the body in his arms that insistent beauty still thrust itself upon him—a beauty of substance and of texture and of warmth. Even now, when his eyes no longer rested upon her, the sense of touch brought home to him again the beauty of line which she wore like a garment; and her heavy hair near his cheek exhaled a strong, exotic fragrance, vigorous and vital, which made his head whirl.

He made his way along the parklike level atop the Mountain, threading to and fro among the great trees; and she said softly: "The wood is so dark."

"I can see all right," he told her, intending reassurance.

"The moonlight comes through like lances, between the leaves," she murmured.

He slowed his pace to find relief. She was becoming heavier. He thought she was more relaxed in his arms, more like a dead weight, so that she dragged downward. By and by he was forced to set her down, where a bowlder arose from a deep bed of ferns, and wipe his brow on his sleeve. She leaned backward, her arms straight, her palms on the rough surface of the stone at her back; and her eyes turned this way and that through the shadowed wood where moonbeams spangled the ferns with light, and left blue shadows in every corner and depression. Some sweet grasses or ferns must have grown near, for there was a warm, spicy fragrance in the air. "Wait," she suggested. "There is no haste, and it is pleasant here. I do not wish to weary you."

"Time I was home," he repeated. He was becoming increasingly conscious of a feeling of peril; he yearned toward his own kitchen, toward the presence of his wife and his daughter, toward the reassurance of his accustomed surroundings. Without defining the expectation, he felt that they might exorcise the spell under which he found himself.

"How strange a man, to wish to end this hour so quickly," she commented, and added, in a lighter tone: "Do you know, there are men who would not be in such haste to rid themselves of me."

"Oh, I'll take you to the house for the night," he promised. "Can't send word around to Trull's before morning."

"Your house is near?"

HE WAS on the point of telling her where it lay; then remembered that to do so might reveal to her clear wits the fact that he it was whose bullet had stricken her. So he merely said. "Not far!"

"I shall like seeing your house, big man. "Is it the stall of a great bull, I wonder?"

"You'll be all right," he assured her. "My wife will fix you up." He spoke defensively.

"Your wife?" For no reason that he could see, she laughed at that; laughed aloud, her head back-tilted, the pealing tones ringing through the silent wood on the mountain top. "What manner of wife is this of yours, then?" she asked at last.

HE GROPED for words, suddenly and astonishingly anxious to recommend his wife to her. "She likes pretty things," he said.

Her comment puzzled him. "Poor lady, then," she murmured, and suddenly lifted her arms to him as though impatient. "Come. Let us go on. You no longer breathe so hard."

Dave hesitated. "I been thinking," he told her. "We'll be going downhill now, through the brush. You'll get scratched up, the way we was. You better ride on my back."

"Like a child!" She was amused.

"I can carry you easier. And you can duck your head out of the way."

"I like better lying on your breast," she told him, faint mischief in her tones.

He shook his head impassively. "Other way's best," he insisted, and turned his back to her. "Get on," he said stolidly.

"You'll have to help me up."

"Stand on the rock."

"I can't stand unless you help me rise."

So he turned again, and she made him put his hands upon her waist and lift her till she stood erect. Then he presented his shoulders, and she circled her arms under his chin and put one leg around his waist, where his arm gripped it, and then the other. He settled her in place with a jolting movement and trudged at right angles to their present course, toward the steep descent. The angle of the moon was now such that the rays were almost parallel with the steep slope down which they dropped. His heels dug in the leaf mold and litter of spruce needles and at times he slid a foot or two downward before he found firm going. There was enough light so that he could pick his way and avoid the thicker parts of the wood; nevertheless low branches, stiff and dead, continually brushed and scratched at him; and her arms, clasped beneath his chin, held his head up, so that he took these strokes across his face, unable to protect himself.

His arms ached with the weight of her legs and body which they supported; the grip of her legs around his waist seemed to constrict his lungs and hinder his breathing; her arms beneath his chin held his head up and cramped his throat. He said once, impatiently: "Don't hold so hard! You're choking me." But he got only a slight relief. He was gasping and wet with his own efforts long before they reached the foot of the steeper pitch and entered that thicket of hardwood saplings where he could only force his way blindly forward, taking the blows that came.

He emerged into the more open birch growth with a feeling of relief and tried to fill his lungs. She asked: "Will you rest?" But he was angry at his own weakness, and doggedly shook his head and went on. His eyes were on the ground, choosing his way; he bent forward more and more, without knowing it, fatigued and weary. But the woman's head now lifted from its shelter on his shoulder and her glance cast ahead through the open birch wood, silvered by the moon. A gray stone wall lay before them; and to one side, where it formed an angle, she saw the spread of an ancient oak.

AS THEY drew nearer this oak tree a movement beneath it caught her eye, and she had a glimpse of two figures standing there in postures of surprise, watching them. Then one of the figures, tall and white from head to foot, turned and ran; and the eyes of the woman followed with frank and delighted surprise. This tall, slim, fair figure ran so gracefully; the white skirts flew and flung themselves into such gentle lines. The dancer's professional appreciation was awakened. This was natural and unstudied grace; the movements of the fleeing figure were astonishingly ordered and sure and fine.

"A nymph, in her white chiton!" she thought delightfully; and then remembering: "There should be a faun!" Thus thinking, she looked again and saw that the darker and more substantial figure had indeed run after her who fled, and her smile widened.

She did not tell Dave what she had seen, did not call his attention to the fleeing figure. He had come falteringly to a stop beside the stone wall, and he let her slide awkwardly to the ground. "Barbed wire here," he said. "I'll have to lift you over. This is my pasture wall. I'm going to leave you and fetch a cart to carry you, rest of the way."

"Leave me alone?" she asked.

"Yeah. No cows in here to-night. They're in the barn. I can let down the bars and drive right up here to the wall."

"Your farm is near?"

He pointed. "Up that way." He eyed her in sudden and reasonless anger, and, with a curious impulse to repulse her, to thrust back her insistent encroachments, he confessed his crime. "I shot at you this afternoon," he said. "Them were my blueberries you was stealing."

Her eyes widened so that he could see the white gleaming, and for a moment he saw passion flame in her countenance. Then, while he waited for the storm to break, it passed; and she caught at his arm and leaned toward him, head bowing in mock surrender.

"I yield me, victim of your thunderbolts, my mighty friend," she told him.

"Boys have bothered me," he muttered apologetically.

She laughed softly, her head backtilted till her round throat was bare. Then she thust him away from her, laughing still. "Go away," she bade. "But come swiftly back to fetch me."

He wiped at his mouth with the back of his hand, staring at her; and at last he spoke. "Won't take long," he told her hoarsely, and turned and strode away, down the pasture slope. She stood still, watching him go; and abruptly her palms pressed against her cheeks, and she laughed to find how hot they were.

AS HE withdrew from her, Dave Beard was conscious of a feeling of reluctant escape, but the greater the distance between them the more completely he was able to give himself to the immediate business in hand. His feet upon the familiar road once more, he hurried his pace. As he approached the house, he saw a light in Jennie's window, and guessed that his daughter was reading late. For it must be very late. He had no watch, but it seemed to him hours since he had set out to climb the Mountain. When he saw the clock in the kitchen he thought it must have stopped, but, listening, he heard its steady ticking and stared at the stubborn hands incredulously.

No matter about the time. He went upstairs and woke Mrs. Beard, lighting the lamp in their room. In the old black walnut bed she lay completely huddled under the coverlets, though the night was warm, and when the match scratched she stirred and sat up. Her nightcap was crumpled and disordered; a strand or two of hair escaped from beneath its severe border to straggle across her dry brow. There were lines about her mouth and her eyes were red with sleep. Her neck was scrawny, revealed by her nightdress, of a coarse and uncompromising fabric. He looked at her, amazed, as though he saw her for the first time; and between his wife's face and his own arose, obscuring her features, the countenance of the woman he had found upon the Mountain. Dave shivered with something like dread and turned his eyes away.

Mrs. Beard asked, in that startled tone people suddenly awakened are apt to use: "What's the matter, Dave?"

"You've got to get up," he said.

"Why?"

He groped for words. "There's a woman hurt. I'm bringing her here."

"Who is it?" she asked. "What happened to her?"

His confusion found vent in anger. "I don't know who she is. I found her."

"Found her?" She had swung her feet to the floor, and Dave stared at his wife's feet morosely. The toes were cramped, the smaller one pressed in from the side; and the joint of the big toe on each foot was too large. He had seen another foot so finely fashioned—

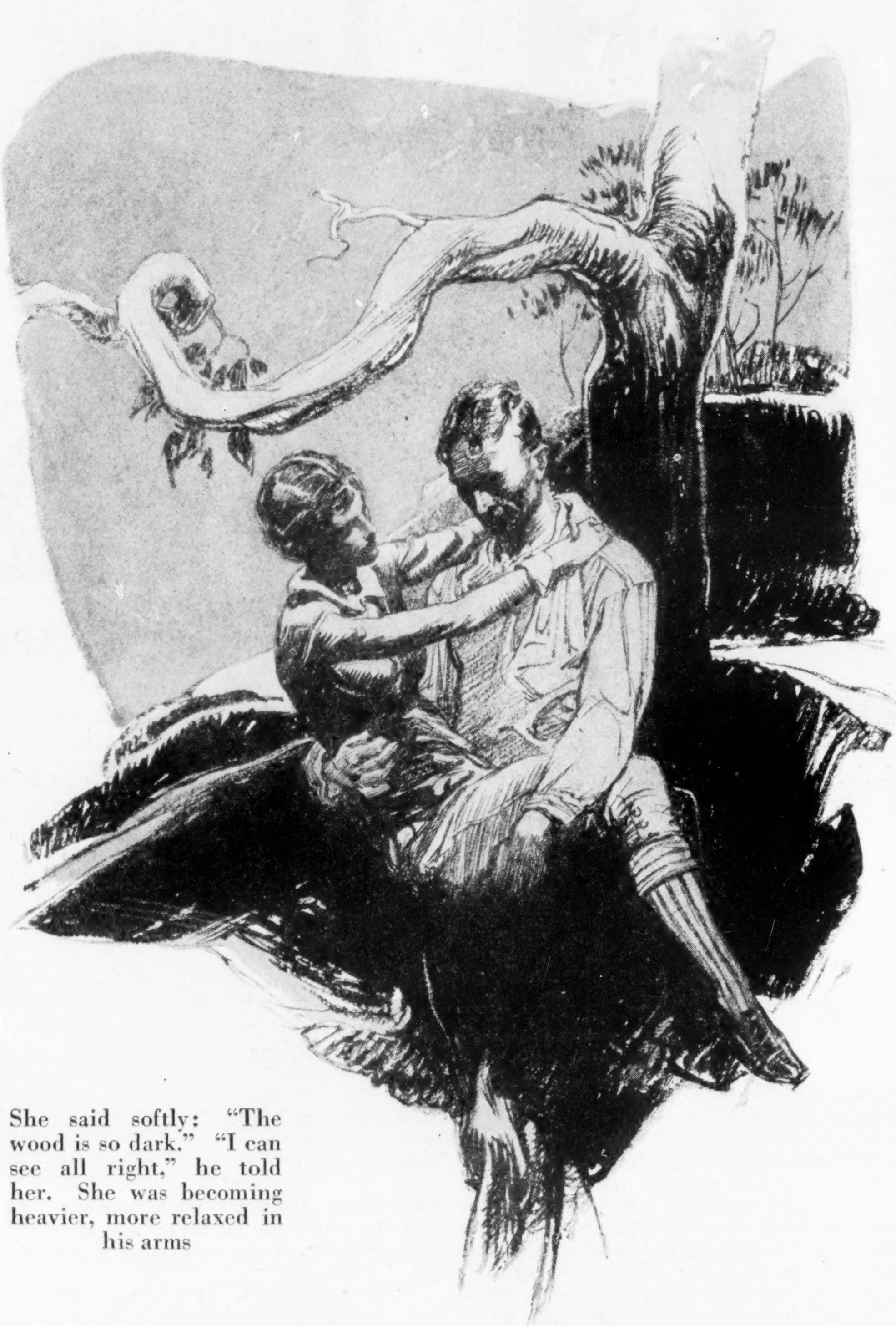
"She was picking berries," he said harshly. "A splinter of rock hit her on the leg."

"Dave!" Her eyes accused him. "You shot her, Dave?"

"I went up and fetched her down," he exclaimed.

She got to her feet, her eyes desperate. "Is she hurt bad?"

THE man exploded in sudden rage. "Rot it all, don't stand a-talking. I'm going to hitch up the horse and fetch her from the pasture. You got to take care of her. Get some clothes on you." He flung out of the room. In the dark hall, as he went down toward the kitchen, he remembered his wife's feet again, and his neck throbbed with blind and furious rage.



She said softly: "The wood is so dark." "I can see all right," he told her. She was becoming heavier, more relaxed in his arms

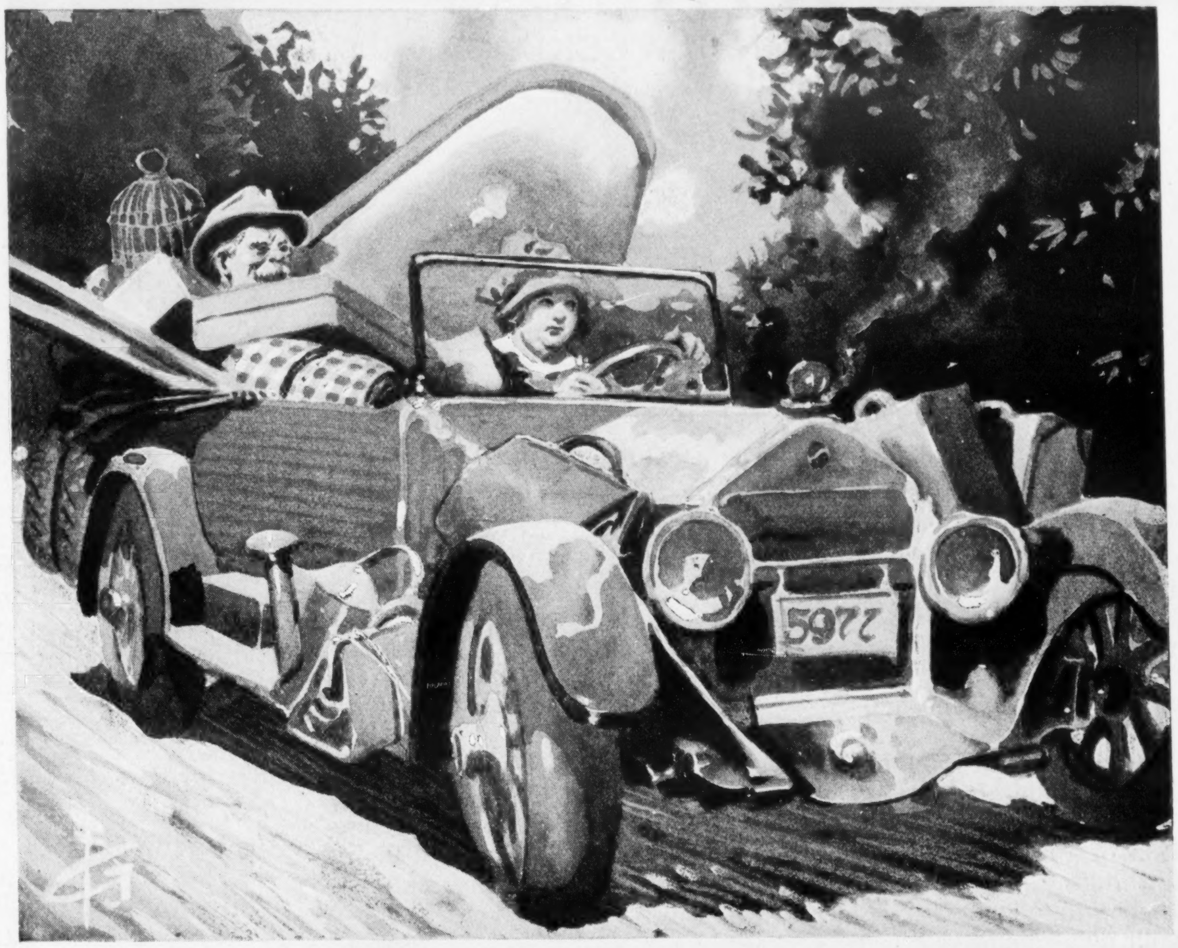
The horse, placidly settled for the night, stared at the lantern with astonished eyes and moved to and fro uneasily while Dave adjusted the harness, but when the bit was between his teeth the creature seemed to welcome this routine fact, seemed to find in it assurance that, after all, nothing more serious than a little extra work was required of him. The beast became sedate and obedient, and Dave, standing erect on spread and braced feet in the bed of the cart in which he was accustomed to haul dressing, gathered up the reins and prepared to start.

Then it occurred to him that the cart contained no seat, and he descended and tossed in a forkful of hay, fresh from the wide meadows within the fortnight, and drove out through the barnyard into the road. Down toward the notch there was a stiff descent, but Dave sent the horse at it on the run, the cart rattling. On his way home he had lowered the pasture bars, and there was nothing to delay him now.

The woman by the stone wall saw him coming up the slope toward her, a gigantic figure atop the little cart, the horse's dark head lifting and falling as it breasted the climb. He wheeled to a stop before her, and the horse, giving her no more than a glance, made the most of the chance by reaching down to crop the turf. Dave threw the reins to the ground and jumped after them. (*Continued on page 28*)

Why Families Leave Home

Uncle Henry Says Vacations Used to Be Stationary, Now They're One-Night Stands



"As an automobilist I have learned to keep my feet out of the souvenirs"

"WHAT on earth's the matter?" inquired Mr. Stubbs at sight of his old friend's doleful face. "Lost some near relative?"

"I never let a relative get near," morosely responded Uncle Henry, "that is," he corrected himself, "except relatives by marriage. Somehow it's almost impossible for a man to keep his wife at a distance. Before the honeymoon's over, she's takin' all sorts of liberties with his habits, tastes, an' pleasures, an' inside of a few years you can't convince him that the Emancipation Proclamation wasn't written by Mark Twain. He isn't even allowed the joy of rebellion, for he knows it will only be looked on as a bilious attack an' dosed accordin'ly.

"I'm no different from the rest. If any war correspondent ever writes up my domestic battles, I'll figure in 'em as the Unknown Soldier. Honest, 'Lonzo, my record of defeats has reached such majestic proportions that I'd actually hate to spoil it by winnin' an argument. An' yet at the time I decided to do my duty by the state an' the race, no husband had firmer resolutions or a better plan of campaign. I'd seen what happened to other men that failed to hold their wives at arm's length, an' I made up my mind to keep relations on a strictly formal basis.

"Yessir! The surface things of life would find me chatty an' affable, if I happened to be home, an' in matters like purlin', entertainin' the Ladies' Aid, an' dischargin' cooks I'd show myself a man of breadth. But the minute she tried to discuss the fundamentals of existence—why I had to go out of evenin's or where we'd spend the summer—my hand would raise in a warnin' gesture, an' in a soft voice, yet with a certain ring of steel in it, I'd say, 'I'm sorry, my dear, but we won't go into that.' An' *now* look at me, assumin' you can detect my wan visage peerin' plaintively through the wreck of hopes an' dreams."

East Goes West

"I CAN see you a derned sight clearer than I want to," exclaimed Mr. Stubbs in some exasperation. "I want to know what's happened?"

"What always happens at this time of year?" demanded Uncle Henry. "Along with thousands of other husbands whose idea of a pleasant summer is waterin' the lawn, settin' on the back porch in stockin' feet, an' a baseball game now an' then, I'm bein' torn from my cool, quiet home an' hurled headlong into the sweatin' mob that surges back an' forth across the country in search of a place to spend the Heated Season. The East rushes West, the West rushes East.

"It's worse now than it used to be. The old-fashioned summer resort, with all of its faults, at least had the merit of bein' stationary. When you got where you didn't want to go, with your change of shirts an' the wife's two trunks, an' the hotel clerk inserted you in a room with a shoe horn, you knew the worst and could set yourself for it. In time you became used to the faces, developed a counter-irritant for the food, an' got a sort of second sight that let you know when the bathroom wasn't occupied. In this day of automobiles, however, when you only stop to collect misinformation about the best road to the next town, you're lucky to be in one place long enough to wash your union suit, much less let it dry.

"That's what's the matter with me this mornin', 'Lonzo, I've jes' learned that I've been workin' too hard, an' that I've simply got to have an automobile trip to California. For a month I've been waitin' for some sort of blow to fall, because the little woman suddenly quit remarkin' that I *might* eat *one* meal without buryin' my nose in a paper. At first I put it down to benevolent anæmia, but as her face became more an' more flushed, an' her speech thicker, my suspicions were aroused, an' last night I peeped through the keyhole an' caught her at it.

"There she was, knee deep in magazines, drinkin' in one advertisement after another. Don't talk to me about intoxicatin' beverages, 'Lonzo. Until they apply the 2.75 per cent rule to advertisin' matter, there's no point to the Volstead act. I used to think that the man who named Pullman cars was the greatest imaginative genius in the world, but he's a poor second to the marvel who creates these super-men that figure in magazine advertisements an' billboards.

There's No Home Like a Car

"BRAWNY athletes able to wear high collars without twistin' their necks, broad-browed young men takin' cigarettes to pieces, an' slender Adonises exultin' in the underwear that doesn't bind. Most wonderful of all are the happy automobilists that skim the printed page, ceaselessly circlin' sky-blue mountain lakes with never a hint of tire trouble or carburetor pains. Only the Lord knows how many homes they've broken up—for the summer."

"Which way you goin'?" interestedly asked Mr. Stubbs. "A friend of mine was tellin' me the other day that"—

"I know," said Uncle Henry dejectedly. "He's got a road so straight an' level that all you do is lash the wheel an' sit back while nature takes its course. It used to be that the pests of this world spent their time tellin' you some infallible cure for a cold, but nowadays they devote entire energy to plannin' automobile routes. As fast as the wife gets settled on some itinerary that takes in as many of her friends an' relations as I don't want to see, somebody comes in an' exclaims, 'My goodness, you're not goin' *that* way, are you? Why, you must be crazy. Now listen to *me!*' "

"You goin' to drive?" asked Mr. Stubbs, plainly excited by this venture in transcontinental travel.

"Do I look entirely weak minded?" demanded Uncle Henry. "No, 'Lonzo, when the automobile came in, I made up my mind that the only safe thing was to remain ignorant of everything that pertained to 'em, and I've kept the faith. I *don't* know how to drive, an' despite a thousand kindly offers, I've never learned how to change a tire. The sum total of my accomplishments as an automobilist is an almost uncanny ability to balance myself on the baggage, an' keep my feet out of the souvenirs.

"It's goin' to be a hard trip. I made a fight for some degree of ease an' comfort, insistin' that we take tents an' camp out wherever the shades of evenin' caught us. But no! the little woman is determined to rough it. We're goin' to stop at country hotels an' wayside inns, an' instead of the soft earth at night, we'll sleep on hair mattresses that were bobbed a hundred years before Mrs. Vernon Castle set the style.

"I'll Say It's Educational!"

"SOMETIMES I think we've gone crazy with this rushin' aroun' like a lot of squirrels in a cage. A home used to be a place to stay in, but now it's merely a point of departure. Why, I must have been all of twenty before I got twenty miles from where I lived, an' now I'm fortunate when I come within one hundred miles of it. Home's too cold in winter an' too hot in summer, an' what with packin' an' unpackin', an' watchin' the thermometer, there's small time for anything else."

"Don't you think that travel is educational?" demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"It depends upon what you call education," said Uncle Henry. "If it's knowin' what the best road through Kansas is, or how to get out of Pittsburgh, or the best hotel in Kankakee, or what they fine you for speedin' in Oklahoma, or how many miles you ought to get to the gallon, or what they charge for gas in Massachusetts, I'll say it's educational. But I've got to be goin', 'Lonzo. What with the way they've got it loaded, it's goin' to take me some time to get in the car."

"Wish I was goin'," said Mr. Stubbs enviously. "You'll have a bully time."

"Didn't I tell you," said Uncle Henry bitterly, "that this was a pleasure trip."

Animal Stuff

Animals are the press agent's meat, so to speak. Wells Hawks, who has press-agented most of the celebrities you can think of, says it's easy to put over a story when there's an animal in it. It gets 'em every time. Mr. Hawks tells about some of his most amazing stunts in next week's Collier's.

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AUGUST 2, 1924

Make 1924 the Year of the Big Vote

WE ARE Americans. Our nation was born of the love of liberty and democratic government. We have the right and power, through our votes, to translate "government by the people, for the people" into living fact.

If we do not vote, we are disloyal to ourselves, our children, our country.

If enough persons neglect to vote—and less than half the electorate are voting nowadays—the time will come when tyranny will rule America.

Do you ever complain of misgovernment? The citizen who denies his citizenship by not voting acquiesces in misgovernment.

Our hope for an improved republic rests on the active participation of intelligent individuals in government. It is by utilizing unthinking men and women that unscrupulous politicians work their will. That is a strong reason why you who have a mind of your own should vote.

In the nonvoter our country has a real problem on its hands. There's an easy way to solve it. Let's all vote—this year and every time we get a chance hereafter.

Register—that's the first step.

If you make your vote count only as a protest, it does count. Politicians take account of protests and are influenced in the next campaign.

Party or no party, register and vote. Let's make this the Year of the Big Vote:

> The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
> The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.

Coming: A Day When Everybody's Well!

THERE is a family in a Pennsylvania town in which seventeen children have been born. Death came to that household for the first time the other day, when one of the boys died. The other sixteen children, and the parents, are still in good health.

Such a record is remarkable enough to get into the newspapers. Some day there will no longer be anything astonishing about the fact that a large family is all well and strong.

Dr. Charles H. Mayo, one of Collier's co-workers, said the other day: "We are going to conquer cancer and rid the world of it regardless of cost." He announced that research work was crystallizing and that he believed a cure would be discovered by American physicians "within a few years." A week or so earlier Dr. William H. Park, president of the American Public Health Association, announced the discovery of a serum that will check measles. Just a few days before that a brilliant young Harvard doctor got at last the long-sought serum that will ward off pneumonia.

Two of the dread diseases of childhood, scarlet fever and diphtheria, have already been beaten. Before long they will be unknown. In the past twenty-five years the deaths from diphtheria have *decreased ninety per cent.*

Samuel Butler, in that shrewd and fantastic tale of an imaginary land called Erewhon, told how he learned that:

> Illness of any sort was considered in Erewhon to be highly criminal and immoral; and that I was liable, even for catching cold, to be had up before the magistrates and imprisoned for a considerable period.

In the most enlightened American towns to-day, you do not hear people pitying and sympathizing with the sick. They are beginning to be critical of anyone who abuses or neglects his body. They are scornful of a parent who cheats a child by letting it fall ill. After all, time is more important to a child than to a grown-up. He has so many things to do with it, so much to learn, so much to play with, so many dreams to dream and so many realities to pursue and grasp.

He ought not to have to waste a day of his precious childhood in being laid up by ills that we can keep away from him.

The scorn of our neighbors is the jail to which we shall all some day be sentenced for breaking the laws of health. And our own troubled conscience will be the stern jailer.

Politics Does Need Trained Minds

FOUR-hundred-odd Harvard seniors of 1924 are now breaking into many lines of work: everything from advertising and anthropology to ranching and writing. Business gets 140 of them, law 103, medicine 49, engineering 40, teaching 38, banking 37, journalism 20, the ministry 10, and diplomacy 9. That's all about as one would guess it and as they voted back in the spring.

But here's the rub: Only two are headed for careers in politics —one, a Chinese, in China, and another, a Frenchman, in France!

Yet the alma mater of T. R. has furnished more of our Presidents than any other college and no end of governors, senators, and representatives. To-day her sons labor to be the ruling element in business and in the professions, but not in politics.

Perhaps the future will tell a better story; some of those lawyers and journalists may yet help steer the ship of state. But more of our college-trained men should set themselves deliberately to the works of organized citizenship. They are needed there.

The Biggest Mystery

SUPPOSE someone should trot out an old-fashioned fire horse that could beat the new motor fire engine a furlong to the mile. How the boys would yell!

They like to see a living thing beat a machine.

Hence the fascination in reading about the lightning calculator in Paris, who extracted the cube roots of quintillions and then sat back watching the calculating machines catch up.

The best horse can run three or four times as fast as most of his kind. The best head for figures can do arithmetic examples a hundred times as fast as most of us. The best chess player can play a dozen games blindfolded at once, and beat a dozen good opponents. The best memorizer can learn more lines of poetry in an hour than most of us could commit to memory in a month.

Horses, motor engines, calculating machines, and brains are all wonderful pieces of mechanism. We have developed them all to the utmost, except brains, the best of which are worth so many times as much as the ordinary run. We know as little about why one mind beats another as the horse knows about why the automobile outruns him. And so the biggest scientific mystery lies waiting to be solved. It is the mind itself.

What Men Are Talking About

FIVE groups of men. A Pullman smoker group, a city-club corner group, a rainy Saturday farmer group under a country store's wooden awning, a mixed lot of delegates to a Democratic state convention, and a copy desk round table between editions.

The main topic? It wasn't the Republican national platform or the Democratic nominee for President, or the Klan, or the farm bloc, or Teapot Dome, or child labor, or the bonus or taxes, or the Dawes plan, or the Olympic games, or the army world flight, or the navy slump: all of these were mentioned, but none of them was the universal interest subject.

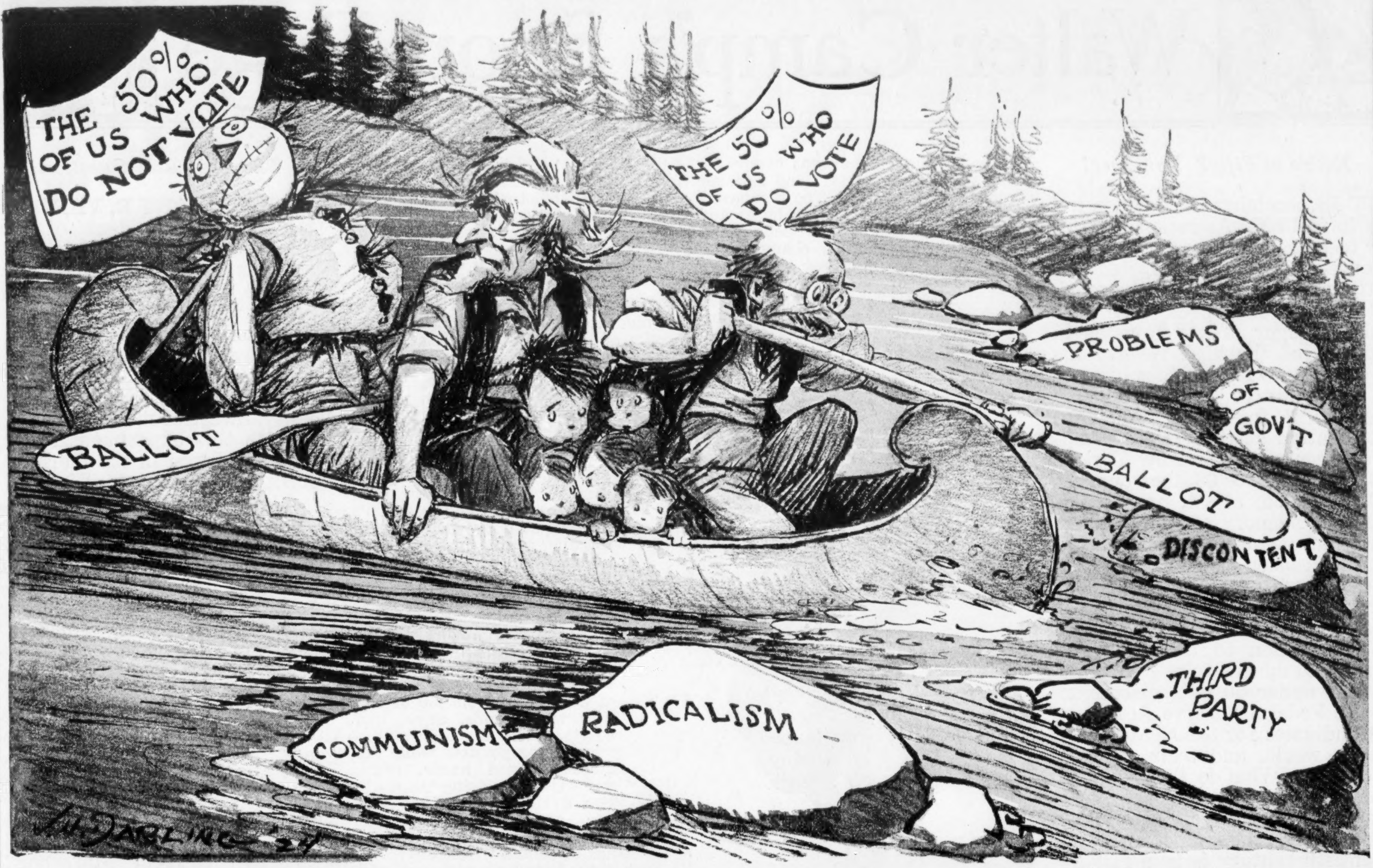
That subject was mileage—gas mileage, oil mileage, tire mileage, battery mileage, car mileage.

In the Morning

CONSIDER the crowds going to their work in the early morning—so many sure-footed men and women with springy stride and swinging shoulders. Here is America, eager and confident, moving forward swiftly to meet the opportunities and duties of a new day.

Ours is not a perfect world: we have much to learn of ways less wasteful and more helpful than our present ways. But to mingle with the morning throng, to see so many firm-fibered men and women going forward with assurance to their work is to feel that the future of our sons and daughters is being shaped by competent human beings determined to play their parts well.

Here in America we are still in the morning of our national life. And the morning light is the true light in which to see Americans.



Rough water and half the crew not working

Crooks Are Less Deadly Than Fools

By Samuel Crowther

IN THE window of a Fifth Avenue specialty shop are some imported golf stockings at thirteen dollars a pair. It is the kind of shop which is used only by people who expect to pay roundly for what they get. That is why they go there. They are willing to pay to be different, and that is their right and privilege and harms no one.

It happens that these stockings cost just two dollars a pair, landed in New York with all charges paid. That again is not important, for the shop selling them sets up to be different and it is entitled to charge whatever people who want to be different will pay.

But the point is that these stockings are not different. Thousands of pairs are on the way to the department stores and soon they will be selling everywhere at about five dollars or less and the men who bought in that "different" store are going to be very sore, not because they paid too much for their stockings, but because a commodity was sold to them as a specialty.

I happened in at a friend's house and found him raving. As he became coherent, I gathered that he had just been rescuing his awnings. He had hired a man to put them up the day before. The man had just stuck them in place and collected thirty dollars and gone on his way. With the first stiff breeze, all the awnings had come clattering and banging down, and my friend, who is nothing of a sailor, had just finished belaying them.

The awning man was just a swindler. But the odd part of it was that it took almost as much trouble to put the awnings up dishonestly as it would have to put them up honestly and the man lost a contract to make a new set of awnings at the end of the season.

I hired a heating contractor to install a new furnace which would properly heat my house. It did not heat the house, but the contractor happened to be drunk with prosperity and would not even attempt to find out what was the matter, while the makers of the boiler would not investigate for fear of hurting the feelings of the contractor, who was a good customer. Professional courtesy forbade any other contractor from investigating, and so I had to have a thousand dollars' worth of work taken out with a sledge hammer.

The same sort of things are happening everywhere. It seems hard to find a man who will really do his job. It is hard to find a man who knows when he has done his work.

But there are exceptions. Fortunately there are many of them, and they prevent the picture from being dismal. And what is still more cheering is that the workman who knows his job never has to complain of wages or unemployment, and the proprietor who knows his job is never able to give other than hearsay evidence of hard times.

The man, proprietor or worker, who goes in for low service and high prices, is in a way dishonest. We do not have to bother much about that.

Crooks are less deadly than fools, and the man who tries to get by without giving service is more of a fool than a knave, for he gets only a tiny run for his money. People only use him when they cannot find anyone else.

Business for service means merely doing your job as best you know how. There is a lot of highfalutin bunk written and spoken about business for service. Somehow service and profit are presented as enemies. Business that serves, it would appear, is an austere, philanthropic enterprise in a choker collar and a black tie. If that is so, then bankrupts are public benefactors and they ought to be pensioned by the state.

But does it follow that a business must be giving service because it earns nothing, or that if it does earn, it is not giving service?

Not at all. Service and profit are not enemies. They are inseparable friends. The elements of service are entirely simple. They center around putting all your stuff into your job. No one disputes a fair price for fair work. That is the essence of service, and that is what Collier's means when, in Section 3 of its Platform, it says:

"The study of productive industry, including agriculture, as a service to all the people—not as a sole interest of labor, of capital, or of any group or bloc. If service to society be held uppermost, the rewards to the respective factors in productive industry will not be difficult to adjust."

That is just another way of saying: Do your own job and mind your own business.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Retire at Fifty? Nonsense!

IT IS becoming the fashion not to feel old. As recently as fifteen years ago a common ambition was to acquire competence at fifty and retire. To-day the sensible man of fifty presses on with all the vigor of a youngster in pursuit of the high reward his ripened knowledge offers him.

The average age of twenty candidates for the Presidential nomination at the recent Democratic convention in New York is 58. The oldest is 68, the youngest 50. McAdoo, at 61, has behind him the memory of such trifling assignments as the construction of the Hudson tubes and the direction of the United States Treasury and the American railroads. At 66 Carter Glass looks no more than 50 and can give cards and spades to any juvenile banker under 50 in a discussion of the Federal Reserve Act.

Candidates for the hardest job in the world, and their average age is 58. What is the explanation? At 50 the nineteenth century was sitting on the front porch. At the same age the twentieth century is in a father-and-son golf tournament.

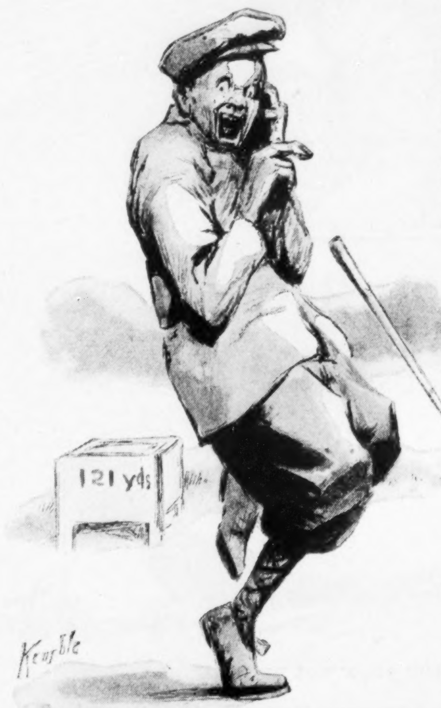
George L. McNutt, nationally known as a Chautauqua lecturer, has an invariable answer for misguided folk who are occasionally discourteous enough to ask his age. "My age," he replies, "is none of my business."

Brainwork on the Diamond

The few who may still believe that sport demands only breadth between the shoulder blades might do well to consider the following description by Bill Wambsganss of the greatest play that he ever saw. Wambsganss wrote the story for the New York "Evening Post."

"Cleveland was playing Chicago," he writes. "Runners were on first and third. Schalk signaled to the moundsman for a curve. Speaker saw the signal flashed and ordered a delayed double steal. Gleason caught that signal, the White Sox switched positions and Schalk signaled for a pitch-out.

"The pitchout signal was caught by Uhle, who was coaching, and Speaker signaled for a change. The result was that the runners held their bases and the pitcher wasted a ball. Schalk signaled again, the infield changed and Speaker ordered a delayed steal. Ray was warned and ordered another pitch-out, but no sooner had he flashed that signal than Speaker had ordered another wait and Schalk, thinking to outguess Tris, ordered a fast ball. As Schalk changed his signals Speaker, guessing that he would do exactly that, signaled for the hit-and-run, with the result that a hit whipped through the infield, winning the game."



Portrait (drawn from memory) of a duffer who has just holed out in one

It seems that there was also a bit of breadth between the eyes in this case.

Teamwork Pays

"I never did a lick of work I could hire a good man to do for me," a certain rich man said in explaining his success. Christy Mathewson worked on that theory even when he was at his best. Until a tight situation demanded everything he had in his capable right arm Mathewson never forgot that there were eight men in the ball game with him and that they were able assistants. Single-handed miracles can be performed, but their accomplishment is apt to be a bit wearing on the nervous system.

"Bad Thinking" in Golf

Walter J. Travis was one of the keenest students of golf the game has ever known and, as a natural result of his studiousness, one of its most pungent philosophers.

"There are possible excuses for many of the sixes and sevens we take," one of his rarest phrases ran, "but there is never any shadow of an excuse for an eight."

An eight or worse is hardly ever the result of bad playing. Bad thinking is the better explanation, and golf isn't the only human activity where wrong thinking can be justly accused of exerting a vicious influence.

To Get "Direction"

If you are having trouble with the acquisition of both power and direction in golf, tennis, or baseball try the plan of doing the whole job of hitting with hands, arms, and wrists. Keep the body as immovable as possible while the aforementioned hands, arms, and wrists are doing the work. For a time the method will seem awkward and stiff, but gradually, as the workmanship of the hands, arms, and wrists improves, as much as the body as is necessary will be pulled into the swing and a natural follow through will result.

It may seem for a time as if you are sacrificing power by deliberately keeping the body out of the swing, but there can be no real power when the timing is bad and the body is thrown in too quickly. With the hands, arms, and wrists trained to lead the way the chances of the delayed hit and the consequent proper timing are increased.

A Baseball Problem

According to report the baseball rule makers intend to take some drastic action next winter to curb the intentional pass. If the owners mean to play fair with the fans such action is unavoidable, for overcharging at the box office is no more dishonest than cheating the fan of his chance to see the heavy hitter match his bat against the curves and speed of the pitcher. The present rule, prohibiting the catcher from stepping out of the box for a pitch-out until the pitcher has thrown the ball, is a farce because it isn't enforced.

Has any reader a cure for the evil?

The Golf Ball Question

MR. WYNANT D. VANDERPOOL, president of the United States Golf Association, calls my attention to the fact that the Committee proposes a new ball whose flight shall be "reduced ten to fifteen yards" because "we do not wish the game to become a Marathon contest." He also advises me that, at Morris County, Sweetser made his record not with this experimental ball, which he played in the morning, but with the present standard ball, to which he reverted in the afternoon round. I am glad to make this correction. Mr. Vanderpool also states that the larger, lighter ball will be more favorable to the "duffer" because "the lighter hitter can get it away quicker."

Meantime the letters I am receiving betray great anxiety on the part of the average golfer who is not convinced that the change to a lighter ball will benefit his game. Later in his letter Mr. Vanderpool speaks of the proposed ball being only 5 to 15 yards short of the present ball. Five yards' curtailment certainly could hardly save us from "Marathon" courses, if that be a danger, and would hardly be worth experimentation or legislation.

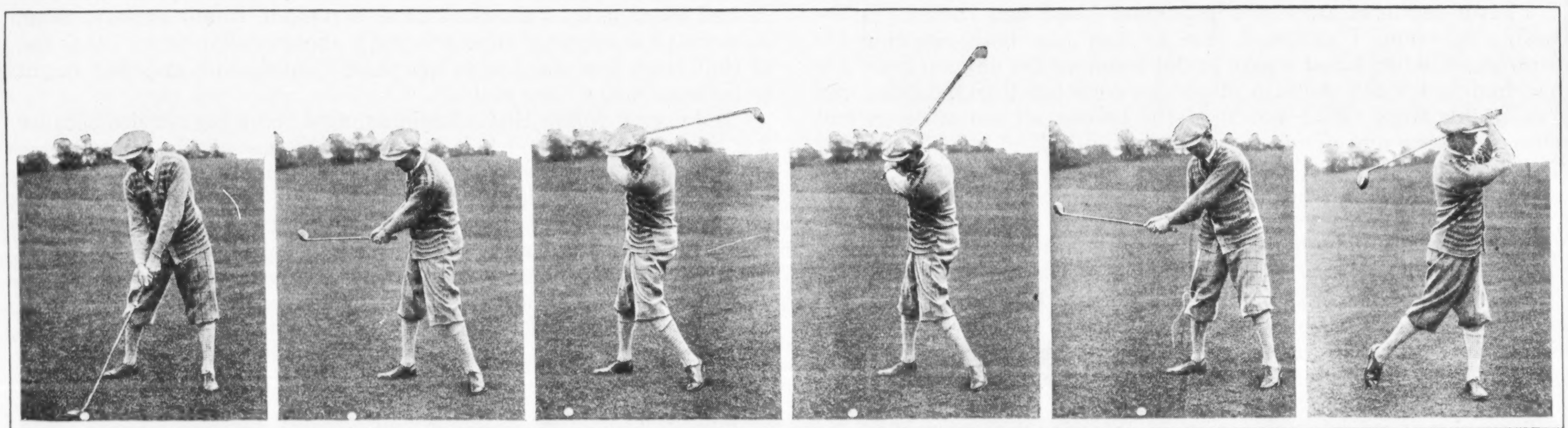
You Can't Read an Athlete's Mind

What do the champions of sport think about in the tense moments of the pinch? Generally they think about everything except the business in hand.

The stroke of a famous Yale crew that won unexpectedly over Harvard was asked to tell what was in his mind as he stroked his men to victory.

"I got to looking at the backs of the heads in the Harvard shell," he said. "The men rowing Nos. 5 and 6 had peculiarly shaped heads and I studied those heads all the way up the river."

On the 18th hole of his play-off for the open golf championship against Bobby Cruickshank, Bobby Jones knew that he had the title won. "I saw a friend of mine on the other side of the green," he said. "He was sitting down with his legs crossed and I thought he looked just like a Buddha I have at home."



Here's a glimpse of the playing form of Cyril Walker, who won the National Open Golf Championship at Oakland Hills had gone out that hereafter the teachers are not to mark on "effort," but only on accomplishment. The world does not reward for effort, so why should we start our children out with that false standard of measurement? Encourage them to cultivate conscientiousness, faithfulness, perseverance—yes; but let them know at the same time that these qualities have to do with *working methods* and are not in themselves *ends.*

The last of my quartette of education words — "Consequences" — needs little amplification. Naturally, I have made the least progress with this word. John is not old enough yet to take naturally to weighing consequences, and I am not disposed to rob him of childhood's freedom and abandon. However, before he leaves home he will have that word in his kit of life tools and know how to use it as a measuring stick. Walter Raleigh, Professor of Literature of Oxford, wrote not long since, "A certain amount of freedom to go wrong is essential in a university where men are learning not to obey but to choose." I want my son John to learn how to use moral and every other kind of freedom wisely, long before he goes away to college. Education to this end is largely based on that word "Consequences."

The Education of My Son John

Continued from page 14

The next plank in my educational platform concerns the importance of a good working knowledge of this big round world. I want my son John to know *round* geography. It is one of my pet convictions that most people have a very hazy idea of how this world is laid out. Stand any man or woman before a globe and he or she will soon begin to exclaim over the relative size of this or that country, or the fact that almost all of South America is farther east than New York, or the discovery that the Panama Canal is almost directly south of Philadelphia.

I believe this ignorance is due largely to flat geography. And so my son John is being "brought up" on a globe. And it is one of his most valued possessions. He is fascinated with it. Geography will be an old friend when he comes to it in school, and an open book in later years.

Another way we use the globe for a "game" is to look up where things come from. John can take his globe and show me where sugar and cotton and tea and coffee and rubber are grown, where seals and elephants and camels and giraffes live, to say nothing of the route taken by Columbus when he sailed on his voyage of discovery, and the German city where our maid came from. And I swear I don't know when he learned half of it! It hasn't been forced on him; he has merely been exposed to a globe and his childish interest and questions have done the rest.

My next important step is going to be the purchase of a microscope. Not a toy one, understand, but one of those high-power professional ones under a glass dome. I am going to teach my son John how things look close-up. When he brings in bugs and leaves and flowers and sticks and old pieces of leather and stones and pieces of string and buttons and dirty pieces of candy and gobs of tar and butterflies, and the thousands of other things that boys collect or possess—including his own dirty hands—he is going to see how they look under a microscope. I want him to know the big round world on the one hand and on the other to be intimately acquainted with the minute particles that go to make it up. I want him to learn to look broadly on big things, yet to be ever mindful of the little things—the atoms and details and particulars; to be able to handle the details, work with the atoms, follow the particulars, without losing sight of the big whole.

All this, it seems to me, is education truly worth while. Much of it is education that a child gets at home or not at all—or at least not in time to serve him when he shall most need it. It takes very little time, and no very great education (I had only a high-school education); but one thing it does require: constant realization on the parent's part that every hour of every day, whether he will or not, his child is acquiring—or failing to acquire—the working knowledge he will have to depend upon when he gets older.

As for my son John's schooling, his education in music, his social development, John's mother is doing an excellent job of attending to these. I am trying to take care only of those more practical phases of his education that shall equip him to grapple with life, hold his own among his fellow men, think clearly, plan well, act wisely and confidently in emergencies and carry his share of the world's load efficiently and with a cheerful spirit.

Burning River

Continued from page 7

oh, to have something happen like that where one could see and hear and not just have to read about it afterward in the paper—"

"Did you believe?" Martin insisted.

"I—I don't know. I think I didn't care. If it's true—if everything ends all at once for everyone—what's the good of thinking about it first?"

"It would be wonderful," he said, in a curious, remote voice. "To go all together—you—I—everyone! To—not to be just one, going off into nothing all by one's self, not knowing anything, not having anyone to know or care—like if you were caught in a snowstorm—"

He shivered.

"It was wonderful," she insisted. "You stood there, with all the people listening and believing, and Reverend Meader was angry, but he just had to stand and listen too—"

"Well?" A new voice broke in upon them; through the door came a tall, stooping man, with keen, friendly eyes. "Good morning, Mary! How's your patient?"

"He's better, doctor. I gave him some breakfast—he had no more fever—"

"Good! Big doings to-morrow night—eh, young man? Got to get all fixed up to go to glory!"

Johnson shrank back into his old self as the doctor took his wrist to count his pulse.

"Yes—that's better! Still sure the world's coming to an end? I've felt so myself sometimes when I was ten miles from home on a bad night after missing dinner! Don't things look better to you this morning, though?"

"It's not how I feel," Johnson said sullenly. "I only told what I had to tell—"

"Well, well—have it as you like! Mary, can't you find some decent clothes for this boy? Jim leave anything when he went off to Chicago last time? Good! Give him a razor too—he'll look better and feel better after a shave. Let him get up—but not do too much—"

"How about the people who are waiting to see him?"

Mary looked toward the window. Through it, for some time, Johnson had been hearing a curious noise. Now, abruptly, he knew he had been hearing the murmur of a crowd.

"That lot? He certainly can't see them at all! They're flocking in to hear your revelation, young man!"

"Later—I'll speak to them later," said Johnson querulously.

"Reverend Meader—" said Mary.

The doctor laughed. "They'll have to fight it out! You're a poacher, young man—Meader's got the fire and brimstone agency for this territory. He may be ready to compromise by this time—last night he'd have had you in the lockup, if he'd had his way, and you'd have had pneumonia by this time. Young man—"

"My name's Johnson—Martin Johnson—"

"All right, Johnson! Just a word of warning. Look out for Meader. He represents the Establishment—the vested interest—and you know what that means. Or—maybe you don't! In any case—look out. Especially if—well, if the world should happen not to come to an end by midnight to-morrow."

"Doctor—" Mary's voice was reproachful.

"I know—I know, my dear! You think I'm a blasphemous old atheist! That's Meader's story, and he sticks to it. Well—I'm not, but I can't prove it. And I think Meader's—but I can't prove what I think about him, either, so I won't say it. Ever have a—h'm—vision like this before, Johnson?"

Johnson's eyes met his steadily. "No, sir."

"Remember much about it—how you felt?"

"I—no, sir—it was just—there in the church—I knew—"

"Wish I'd been there! Shows Meader's right—always at me to go. Never have time, though. Have to save bodies at all hours—can't make 'em wait for a regular time, like a preacher can with souls. Well—be careful."

HE LAUGHED and went out. And Mary went with him, and came back, presently, with an armful of clothes and an army razor kit. When he was alone Johnson scrubbed himself, and shaved, and put on the clothes she had brought—a sergeant's uniform. Mary exclaimed when she came back and saw him. "My!" she said, "You—you look nice—"

"I wasn't a sergeant, though," he said, doubtfully.

"My brother Jim was. He'd have been an officer if the war had gone on—"

They were interrupted again; this time by the Reverend Meader, John Baird, a bearded, patriarchal man, and three or four more solid men of church and town.

"So!" Meader said at once, roughly. The man was fairly livid; his eyes rolled; his anger possessed him utterly. "Now, then, my man—you're sober now, whatever you were last night! The truth—"

Johnson rose. He looked taller; his fresh clothes gave him the dignity any uniform bestows upon its wearer. And, with his beard gone, the thinness of his cheeks, worn by days of virtual starvation, gave him a look ascetic, spiritual.

"I have told you the truth, Reverend Meader," he said. "I can tell you nothing more. I heard you last night, and I saw you, and as I looked at you it seemed to me you were all in white, and there was a light about your head, and you pitied me. And so I went to you."

Meader drew back, and fear was in his eyes. But his anger was still upon him.

"If this man is honest," he said, "if he is not just a swindler with a new trick for getting food and lodging, he is mad!"

But John Baird shook his great, fine head.

"Now, Reverend," he said, "it don't seem like that to me. I believe this boy has had a vision. God showed himself to Saul, a sinner, on the road to Damascus—why not to this boy? Whether the world will end, as he has told us, I do not know, nor can any man know. But I shall set my house in order against the hour that he names."

"And I—and I—I too—"

Meader cried out in his bitterness and anger.

"All these years I have wrestled with you—you of little faith! And now this mountebank—"

"Calling names will do no good, Reverend," said Baird sternly. "I believe that this boy is the instrument of God. We have done wrong in many ways, here in Burning River. But we are taught that it is never too late for repentance. Simon Burns!"

One of the others turned to him.

"Simon," he said, "I wronged you, years ago, and there has been ill feeling between us. I ask your pardon, Simon, and I shall testify to the wrong I did you."

He held out his hand, and the other took it. He went to a window, and flung it open. And from without there was a great sobbing cry, and then silence.

"He is here, my friends and neighbors," Baird said. "He will speak to you, although he is still weary and sick. Hear him. Let us repent our evil deeds. If any of us has wronged another, let that one acknowledge his fault, as I have done just now to Simon Burns, and do again, that all of you may hear! And for such harm as we may have done, in greed or lack of charity, let us make restitution now, while there is yet time."

He turned, and gently he drew Johnson to the window. Johnson looked down. For a moment the sunlight upon the snow blinded him. But then he could see how the people had gathered in Baird's yard, and overflowed beyond the picket fence into the street; men, and women and children. Wonder ran through his veins like fire, and he was lifted up into an exaltation beyond all his knowledge, all his dreams.

"It is as John Baird has told you!" he shouted. "Repent—for the Day of Judgment is upon you! Undo the evil you have done, for you go before Him who shall know all! I am weary, and I must be alone this day and this night. But when darkness falls to-morrow let us gather where there is room for all, and bear witness to our sins and to the atonement we have made for them, and await the sounding of the last trumpet and the coming of the end!"

As he turned from the window, Johnson saw Meader, his mouth working, his eyes bloodshot, strike himself upon the forehead and go from the room, like a man distracted. John Baird sighed, and shook his head, and he, and the other men after him, went out. Only Mary was left, and as she looked at Martin Johnson her eyes shone, and her cheeks were flushed.

"If I could have done that!" she cried. "If I could have known that I had moved them so—to fear and hope and certainty—"

He shivered at her words, and stared at her. She crossed the room to him, and took his hand, and kissed it, suddenly, and then went swiftly out. But at the door she turned.

"Stay here and rest," she said. "I will bring you supper when it is time."

SO SHE left him. And after a little he lay down, and fell, half waking, half sleeping, into some strange borderland of consciousness. He remembered all his life, in peace, and war, and peace again. He saw, in his thought, women—women he had seen in France, and in New York; women he had thought were beautiful, who had awakened desire in him. But if he looked at them long enough they all changed, and became like Mary Baird. Daylight faded, and the room grew dark, but still he lay there, and was content, in a new, troubled way. . . .

The sound of the opening door roused him. A figure was in it, vague and nebulous. But there was light; it was Mary, and she carried a lamp, and in its light her face stood out, detached, mysterious, beautiful.

"Martin—?" she said.

"Yes, Mary—"

He stood, staring at her, as she advanced, step by step, into the room. She looked at him as though she were seeing him for the first time.

"Martin," she said, "I think there has never been anything in the world like what is happening in Burning River to-day—"

He was still silent; still stared at her. "You have made them fear God and believe in Him!" she said. "Men who have been hard and mean and false. They are paying outlawed debts they would never admit they owed. Adam Brownell—why, Martin, you don't know him, but he has been stiff and proud and self-righteous always, and he has ruled Burning River by his money and his pride. And an hour ago I saw him take Johnny Brown in his arms, before everyone, and kiss him, and acknowledge that he was his son!

"Martin—it seemed to me that all those people were naked, and it was as if you could see the deformities their clothes had hidden! Only it was their souls that were naked—they went about, telling every evil thing they had ever said or done or thought—! You—you have done what no one could ever do before—"

Still he looked at her. She had put the lamp down, and he went to her, and took her hands. "You had nothing to tell," he said.

She shivered. "I—I don't know!" she said. "Oh, Martin—is it true?"

He turned away from her eyes, and she went to a chair, and sat down, as if, all at once, she were too weak to stand. He went to the window, and stood a moment, looking out.

"I want to tell you everything," he said, at last.

SO HE told her of his life. Of home, of the army, and France, and the war. And he told her of New York, and its wonder and its beauty, and of women he had seen there, and the strange torments of desire and fear that they had made him know. He told her of his long journey toward home, and of all that in its course had befallen him, and of how, when the snow had come, the day before, he had been afraid, and had known that for him the end was near, an end of terror and a dreadful, nameless oblivion.

"And then I was in that church," he said. "And I told what I had to tell, what something made me tell. And I thought I died. But when I awoke you were here, and I knew I was not dead. You were here. You stood beside me, and you were beautiful, and your touch was like something in heaven. Mary—you are beautiful—"

She sighed, and her sigh shook her. And her beauty was a living thing, so that he cried her name, again and again. "Are you afraid?" she asked him. Her voice was soft; in it was the softness of the calling of doves.

"Afraid?" he said. "Oh, I don't know! Yesterday I was afraid—but yesterday no one had ever feared me! And to-day— What is fear? Love—love—"

He stood beside her, and looked down at her. And she raised her eyes to his. As if they moved without dependence upon his will his hands took hers, and he drew her up. And suddenly he cried out, in a wild, fierce exultation.

"I love you!" he cried. His arms drew her to him, and he held her in them, and their lips met. "I love you!" he cried again. "You are beautiful, and I love you, and you—you love me—"

"Yes—!" she said. "Oh, yes—yes—yes—I love you! Everyone I have always known fears you and looks up to you—but I—I love you!"

"Now—now—now—at the end!" he cried. His voice was bitter; anguish filled it. "Oh, God—God—God—"

But her arms were about him still, and she drew him close, and in a crooning voice she soothed him and comforted him, so that his bitterness fell from him even as tears started in his eyes, and he clung to her, and kissed her lips, again and again. . . .

AND afterward they sat together, and talked. Each told the other of youth; the simple stuff of simple lives. She told him of Burning River and the people upon whom he had worked the strange and dreadful transformation of that day.

"It is dreadful to see them so," she said. "People I have always known. To know what ugliness and evil their smiles have hidden—to see what wickedness has been in their hearts! I have watched them to-day, Martin. I have seen wives look at their husbands as if they were unclean, and the horror in their eyes—oh, Martin—you can't conceive it—you can't imagine it! What are they to do—these people who have loved and trusted others all these years, and find out now what they really are and always have been?"

"I don't know," he said. But his voice was indifferent; all his thought was of her, for her. "You—!" he cried. "Oh, Mary—you make me feel I might do anything—be anything—with you—for you—"

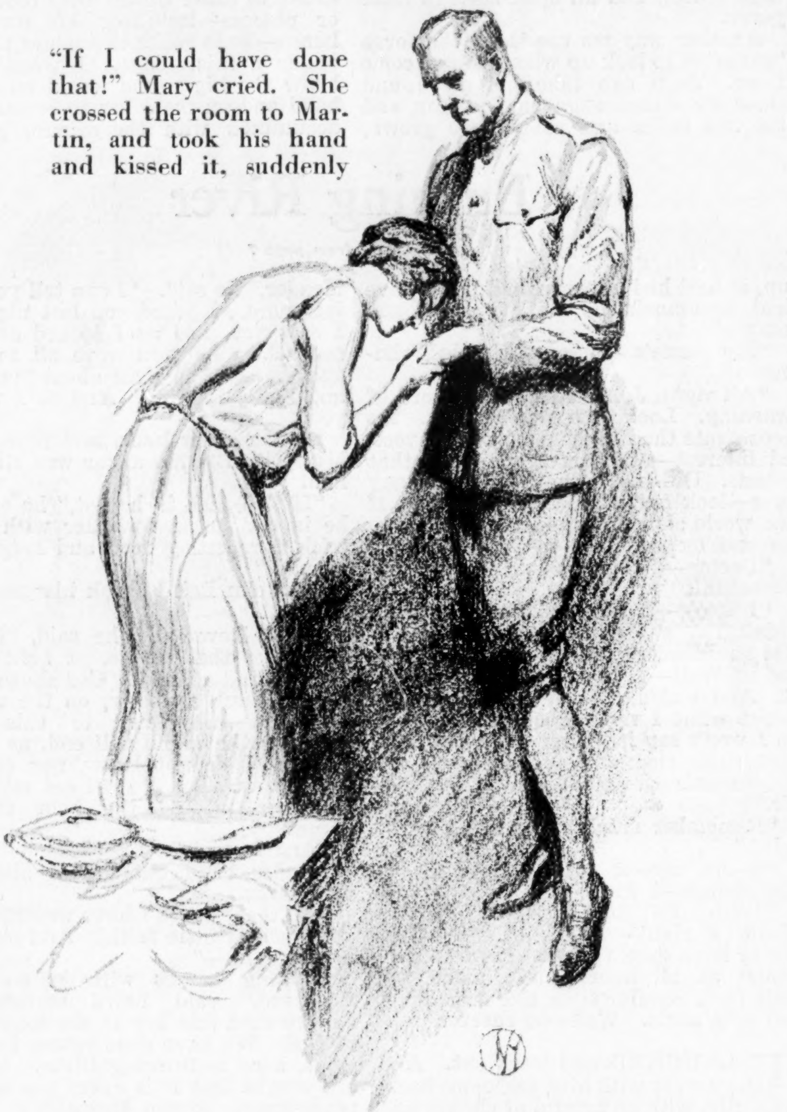
"You could do anything," she said. "You could be great—"

"I!" He laughed, but his laughter was not bitter now. "I've never done anything! I've told you."

Her whole body quivered in his arms. "What would you do now if—if there were time?" she asked.

"I—I don't know—I think—look—"

He went to the pile he had made of his old clothes, and got a knife, and took a piece of wood from a basket beside the stove, and for a few moments he was busy, whittling at the soft pine. Then he held up the piece of wood, and Mary exclaimed in surprise, and took it from him.



"If I could have done that!" Mary cried. She crossed the room to Martin, and took his hand and kissed it, suddenly

"It's a bird—" she said. "A—why, it's a robin! Martin—if it were painted—"

"I can make all sorts of things like that," he said. "I—I could make you. And I can make things from clay too. I thought—I used to think I'd like to go about, all through the country, and make toys at houses where there were children. And I thought I might sell some to shops, and make money enough to go to school and study sculpture."

"You could—" she said. "Martin—of course you could—"

"I've always made things like that for children—they liked me to," he said. "But—oh, Mary—I never did before for anyone who was grown up, like you! I was always afraid—and just now, when you asked me, I wasn't afraid—I didn't think—I just did it—"

As she listened to him and looked at him she began to cry, suddenly, and her sobs shook her, and, alarmed and troubled, he took her in his arms. "What is it?" he said. "Oh, Mary—?"

But she was laughing through her sobs, and her arms clung to him. And: "Nothing!" she said. "But, oh, my lover, I am happy!"

A little later she stirred in his arms, and looked up at him, and sighed.

"We must go down," she said. "My father is waiting for us. We will all eat supper together to-night, Martin."

So they went down, together, and found John Baird waiting for them in the great, low ceilinged kitchen. He looked at them, and they knew he understood, and that there was no need of telling him what had passed between them.

THE night passed, and the morning was one of clear and brilliant sunshine, and a blue sky, and a clean, cold wind straight from the blue and gleaming hills. The ground was still white with snow; Burning River rushed along, turbulent and noisy, snatching at the ice that had gathered along its banks during the night.

Quiet activity filled the town. The wind carried away the smoke from fires in all the yards, for everywhere houses were being cleaned; they were being swept and garnished for the end, and great piles of rubbish were being burned. Here and there were skeptics, sneering, trying to laugh, but half afraid, in their hearts. And there were some men, with shrewd and cunning eyes, who went about from house to house in the town, and among the outlying farms. They carried money with them, and they bought whatever anyone would sell; land, houses, livestock. There was no bargaining, no argument. Those who sold accepted what was offered.

And these took the money to the Reverend Meader to make offerings to God. He received them and their gifts with cold, hard eyes; without a word of thanks he took their offerings, and his lips were set in a hard, tight line. Some made a sort of pilgrimage to John Baird's house, and offered gifts to Martin, but he refused them all, and John Baird, watching and listening, nodded his great head approvingly. He himself had neither bought nor sold, and in his house nothing had been touched, so that it still had, as the day wore on into afternoon, its look of comfortable, daily use and living.

Simon Burns and others of the elder, graver men came to John Baird's during the morning, and they talked of how Burning River should meet the coming of the end that night. John Baird said little, and Martin, too, only listened. It was decided that, after dark, the people should gather at Green Valley, where there was room for all who lived in Burning River to be together. It was a place, as Baird told Martin, a mile or two west of the town, where low hills ringed a natural bowl. It was a favorite place for picnics and such diversions.

Martin walked out there with Mary in the afternoon, and he stood and looked about with eyes full of bitterness and grief and doubt. But Mary was smiling and joyful, and she walked hand in hand with him, unashamed, as they went back to her father's house.

It seemed to Martin that afternoon that the sun raced westward, toward the grim and austere hills that presently must hide it, with ominous and unaccustomed speed. His mind was utterly confused; there was no coherence in his thoughts. He awaited darkness and the last flying hours with a dreadful apprehension and a strange and quite as dreadful hope.

While there was still light enough to see, in the misty, vague twilight that the snow prolonged, he stood in a window of his room and watched the people of Burning River, beginning already to pass the house on the way to keep the assignation he had made for them. They passed one or two at a time at first, and at long intervals, and then in larger groups, until there was, at last, a steady sound of feet crunching into the snow, and a dark, moving line that reached as far as he could see. And as he looked back, toward the town, the lights went out, in one house after another. The people who went out that night left their doors standing wide open behind them, upon their dark and empty houses.

He turned, at a sound behind him, and he saw Mary standing in the door, with a faint light behind her. He moved toward her, and she came to meet him, and he took her in his arms, and held her close, for a long time, without saying anything at all. It was she, at last, who broke their silence.

"I think it is time, Martin," she said. "Father is ready. Shall we go?"

"Yes," he said, and sighed. "It is time."

THEY went downstairs. John Baird was waiting for them at the door, with the great staff he always took to lean upon when he went out. And they set out, walking slowly along the path that hundreds of feet had beaten in the snow. Behind them was the town, dark, empty, forsaken.

After a time they heard singing, and the sound grew clearer and louder as they neared their destination. Thrill after thrill ran through Martin as he listened; they were singing old hymns of his childhood. He shook as if he had been chilled. But Mary's hand in his steadied him and quieted him.

So they came to Green Valley. It was like a great, sunken bowl, and its white sides were blackened now by those who waited. The sky was thick with stars; the night had the almost incredible radiance there is, sometimes, in winter, when there is no moon. And John Baird led the way to the place, close by a great, flat rock, where it had been agreed that Martin should stand.

Most of those who were waiting stood, but some, heedless of the damp chill of the snow, were seated. Through the sound of the singing the crying of children, fretful in their unaccustomed wakefulness, was to be heard. Old men and women were there, in their frailty and feebleness, and some who had risen or been carried from beds of sickness, and women, great with child, whose time was close upon them. All the long procession of life, from its beginning to its end, had come to that place, and halted there. . . .

As Martin and Mary and John Baird came to the rock, those who were there before them turned to greet them.

(*Continued on page 24*)

Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost

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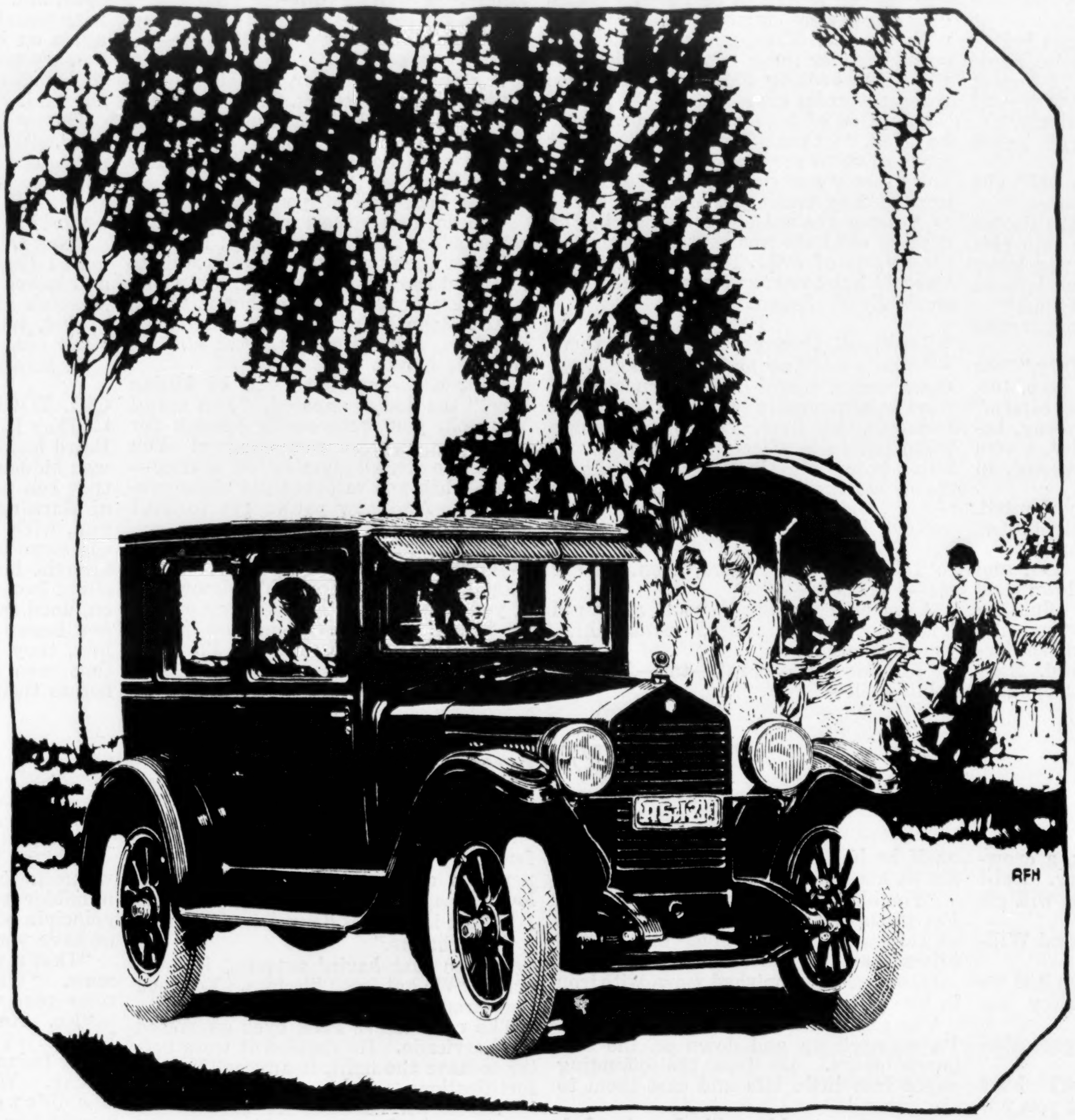

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The buying choice of the year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost." There is no rival to this issue. Hudson and Essex alone have the Coach. And because these advantages are exclusive, the Coach is the largest selling six-cylinder closed car in the world.

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Only Hudson and Essex Have the Coach

And Both are of One Quality

Burning River

Continued from page 22

Meader was there, with his staring, livid eyes, and the long, black hair that grew, unkempt, over his head. Martin shivered as he saw the hatred and fear in his eyes.

John Baird took up his stand apart from the rest, leaning heavily on his staff, and looking up at the stars. Mary's hand clung to Martin's, and she gave the Reverend Meader look for look, until his eyes fell and turned away. Then some one came and stood beside them, and Martin saw it was the doctor, looking tired and worn.

"God knows what this'll mean before we're done!" he said. "You've made these people mad, Johnson. I almost wish Meader had had his way with you! You're more dangerous than death."

Martin shivered. But Mary's anger flamed up.

"You shan't speak to him so!" she said. "Even if you don't believe—"

"I believe in life, Mary," the doctor said, gently. "I brought you into this world—I don't expect to see you leave it. And I believe in love—such love as I can see that you two have found."

"Yes—" she said, and her anger was gone.

"Stay close beside him, Mary," the doctor said. "And I shall be here, too. I'll help, if I can, when the time comes."

The singing, that had died away, began again. And now, as it ended, a man cried out, somewhere in the crowd, in a voice high and unnatural.

"The time is at hand!" he shouted. "It lacks but a minute of midnight! Let us wait for the end upon our knees."

All about him Martin saw men and women and children kneel down and clasp their hands in prayer. But the Reverend Meader stood, sorrow and anger mingled in his eyes, and the doctor, too, stood, quiet and watchful. Martin tried to bend his knees, but he could not, and he stood waiting, his hand in Mary's and his eyes fixed upon the stars.

Moment followed moment, endlessly. And at last, in that vast silence, there was a rustling sound, and heads that had been bowed were raised, and men and women looked at one another with eyes that were incredulous and filled with wonder. Then, suddenly, the Reverend Meader flung out his arms, that were like beating flails, and his voice rose in a great cry.

"Oh, God of Isaac and of Abraham!" he cried. "I thank Thee that Thou hast let me live to see this proof of Thy infinite mercy and goodness! Thou hast exalted Thy truth yet once again and cast down the false prophet as in the days of old Baal was cast down and all his priests of evil! The time that was foretold has come, and passed, and Thy world lives! Amen!"

NOW, all through the crowd, there was a rustling and a stirring. And there was a sound like the rushing of wind in a mountain pass that, inchoate, formless, at first, became a single mounting voice of scorn and anger and bitter hate. Martin was shaking as he stood, staring at the crowd, that was rising from its knees, now, and moving toward him. For a moment he was dumb.

"I believed!" he cried, then. "Hear me—I believed—!"

A snarling, angry shout answered him. The crowd surged toward him, words emerged.

"Kill him! Get a rail—tar—feathers —kill—kill—"

Martin looked down. And with a sudden wonder he saw that Mary stood beside him still; he felt her hand in his. From her strength flowed into him, and courage, and his fear was driven out.

"I did believe!" he cried to her, in agony. "I didn't know—"

"Oh, my lover—I am glad!" she cried. "Now—oh, now—we shall live—together, you and I—"

A stone flew past her, and Martin felt its impact on his cheek. He touched the spot, and when he looked at his fingers they were red with blood. The crowd, too, saw his blood, and gave tongue like a wild beast.

"Get back—all of you—get back—"

The doctor's voice rang out. He had come before Martin and Mary; he stood between them and the crowd. And in his hand something gleamed, and those who were near could see that it was a pistol. John Baird came and stood beside him, and raised his great staff in both his hands.

"Get back—or there will be killing here!" the doctor shouted. "You scum! You—oh, you were ready enough for what you thought was coming! You wanted to die, all together, all at once—after what you've confessed since yesterday! And now you've got to live! Get back!

"You believed what this boy told you —you believed in God. Then — take what has come to you! You know me. If you come on, I'll kill as many of you as I can! Get back—do you hear? Before I've counted five—or I'll start shooting—"

He raised his pistol; he began to count. And before his anger, before the deadly menace of his weapon, the spirit of those who had led the rush of the mob was broken, and the power that had come from the massed purpose of the crowd was smashed. Screaming, the leaders turned and forced their way back, and men and women caught the contagion of their fear, and began to run. Until, in a moment, there stood by Martin and Mary only the Reverend Meader, with his sneering, triumphant eyes, and the doctor, limp, all at once, with weariness, and John Baird leaning again on his staff.

Mary took Martin's hand, and led him to her father. "We must go, father," she said.

He put his hand for a moment on her head. "Yes," he said. "Go with him, my daughter. And have no fear."

Pride was in her eyes. "Fear!" she said. "I shall never be afraid again!"

"Nor I," said Martin.

The doctor took Mary in his arms, and kissed her forehead. And he shook Martin's hand, and took money from his pocket, and held it out to them. But Mary pushed it away, gently.

"I brought enough," she said.

SO, TOGETHER, they walked away. They looked back, once, and saw John Baird looking after them. But soon he was hidden from them. And soon, too, they had passed through the long street of Burning River, and Martin had begun, with Mary by his side, to retrace the steps of the long journey that had brought him to her. Through the long, silent hours of the night they walked on, until the stars grew dim above them and began to fade, and in the east, at last, they saw the coming of the sun that rose to light the world that lay before them.

The Water Hole

Continued from page 4

six pistols, two knives, an ax, a crowbar, and an extra keg o' powder. Heh! Any Injuns pokin' around here will git considerable damaged."

"It's a right nice place," agreed Will-yum, oiling a derringer.

"We better be keerful, though, till we know the country better. Keep the fires down low!"

"Can't we have music?" protested Will-yum.

"Wa-al, mebbe it wouldn't hurt nothin'. 'Vangeline, why don't you unpack them songs of yours?"

"Mebbe I will," said 'Vangeline wearily.

"She's tired," defended maw. "Her hands are clean wore out with the washin'!"

"She's earned a rest," agreed pa, with unexpected gentleness. "Come over here, kitten; set alongside your daddy on this here box. You've been a right good gal to-day!"

She came; and soon his worn hands were stroking her hair while she clasped her tired fingers and leaned upon his shoulder. Once she turned and made a little appealing clutch at his arm; but she desisted, and he never noticed it.

One of the boys, rummaging inside the ramparts, brought forth a sheaf of papers.

"Here's some of sis's music!" he announced. "It was in the washstand drawer!"

"Bring it over!" suggested Will-yum eagerly.

" 'Vangeline always did choose good music!" observed maw.

The larger boy brought the sheaf to father and daughter.

Something fell to the ground. Pa reached down and picked it up. It was the upper part of an old letter, folded and handled till the creases had worn away. In the right-hand corner was a crude little heart done in water-color. At the left was a single word: "Sweetheart."

The girl arose, with a little stricken cry.

"Sweetheart!" guffawed the boy, with brotherly bluntness. "Haw-haw-haw!"

The girl cried aloud. Pa jumped up as if he had sat on a pin, shaking his fist at his son and daughter alike.

"You shut up!" he howled. "Dammit, I'm gittin' sick of this! Jest as soon as things git settled, some one of you idjuts starts to raisin' hell again!"

"*George!*" admonished maw, with iron in her voice.

The girl made for the wagon hastily. Pa stamped up and down on the soft bunch grass. He tore the offending paper into little bits and cast them to the ground.

"Sweetheart b'dam!" he bawled. "I've had enough of it!"

The boys got under the wagon. Will-yum folded up the music. Maw started darning. Pa seethed around till he sought his blankets, where he growled and grumbled for an hour.

NEXT morning the camp was somewhat sullen. Pa staked out his lands and built a chicken coop. Maw churned butter. Will-yum repaired harness and gear. 'Vangeline produced starch, a board and a set of flatirons, after which she toiled until the sun was setting.

"Supper's ready!" announced maw. "Biscuits!"

"Wow!" observed Will-yum.

The sound of a clattering, clanking troop of horsemen came from up cañon. Five armed riders appeared: hard, stern, hairy men in rough clothes, gleaming with cartridge belts, pistols, sheath knives, buckles, spurs, and rifles slung over belligerent shoulders. Their hair was long, their villainous faces were covered by beards or stubble, and their attitude was frankly hostile. In the lead rode a powerful man with broad shoulders and resolute gray eyes. His grizzled longhorn mustache swung out aggressively at the sides of a stern mouth and a square jaw. He wore a checked shirt, buckskin trousers, and more weapons than usual.

"Hey!" bawled the truculent leader, halting at the barricade. "Are you nesters tryin' to grab this water hole?"

"Wa-al, I dunno," evaded pa, standing vigilantly near his guns.

The cattleman noted the presence of maw and 'Vangeline. He raised his hat formally. " 'Scuse me, ma'am; nothin' personal about this; but we ain't allowin' people to grab the water holes!"

"Come in and set down," invited maw.

"No, thanks."

"We're just havin' supper," insisted maw. "We got fresh biscuits. You look real tired."

The cattleman's keen eyes appraised the barricade. He decided it were better to have the fight, if any, within the fortifications.

"All right, ma'am," he agreed ungraciously. "I reckon mebbe we will."

The truculent cattleman dismounted. He swung the reins over his horse's head and swaggered into the camp. His gang of long-haired ruffians followed, their weapons rattling as they walked. Pa cast a baleful glance at maw; but she didn't notice.

"Set down," she invited. " 'Vangeline bring over them cracker boxes. Lafe, you git some more water." Then to her guests: "You must have come a right long distance!"

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the giant pointedly, resting his heavy bulk upon a cracker box and swinging his armament outboard. "We traveled fast! We heard there was nesters here!" He lowered his bold bass voice. "Nothin' personal, ma'am; it's the principle of the thing."

"M'yes," agreed maw blandly. "Mebbe you've been pestered!"

"No," contradicted the truculent cattleman, banging his mighty fist on the table. "And I ain't gonna be neither."

The biscuits arrived, with bacon, eggs, and coffee.

"Aigs!" bawled a ruffian in blue denim. "Fresh aigs!"

The powerful cattle king sniffed, was tempted, fell. He pulled a wicked knife from his belt and became busy. His henchmen followed his lead.

"Them's *biscuits!*" he conceded, at the end of fifteen minutes. "I ain't had nothin' like this, ma'am, for five long years."

"And butter!" drooled a black-haired villain with savage eyes. "Butter!"

The boss cattleman loosed his belt and lit a corncob.

"Things is different when there's wimmen folks around," he allowed, in a milder voice. "If it wasn't for the principle of the thing, I'd shore admire to have you folks for neighbors."

"That's real nice of you!" placated maw. "Why not stay a while and git some good vittles and talk it over?"

"No. No, thanks, ma'am. I'm shorthanded. Three of my men got holed up by Injuns in a cañon day before yesterday. We found 'em this mornin'. One didn't die right away. The Injuns caught him and tied him—"

"Land *sakes!*" exclaimed maw.

A VENGEFUL blue flame showed for an instant in the frontiersman's gray eyes. He stared at the wagon wall. He slammed the handle of his wicked knife on the table and then, pointedly, he concluded: "We've got troubles enough, ma'am; we don't aim to have *other* troubles!"

Maw silently served the last of the biscuits. She paused alongside a young tough whose yellowish hair reached almost to the shoulders of his torn buckskin shirt. His left eye was missing. He wore dirty beads on the band of his flapping hat.

"You're lookin' sort o' peaked, boy!" said maw. "You ain't ate hardly a mouthful!"

"Uh-huh," he grunted.

"Stick out your tongue and lemme see it!"

The young ruffian obliged.

"M'yes! I've got somethin'll cure that in a jiffy! About one spunful after dinner and you'll feel right spry again!"

The leader's masterful eyes gazed about the little camp. They rested on 'Vangeline.

"Nice-lookin' gal!" he remarked. "A sight for sore eyes!"

"Sometimes she gits tantrums," informed pa, "but other ways she's good as gold."

"She can play awful purty music," remarked maw.

"Music? Gosh, let's hear it!"

"Right after the dishes," promised maw.

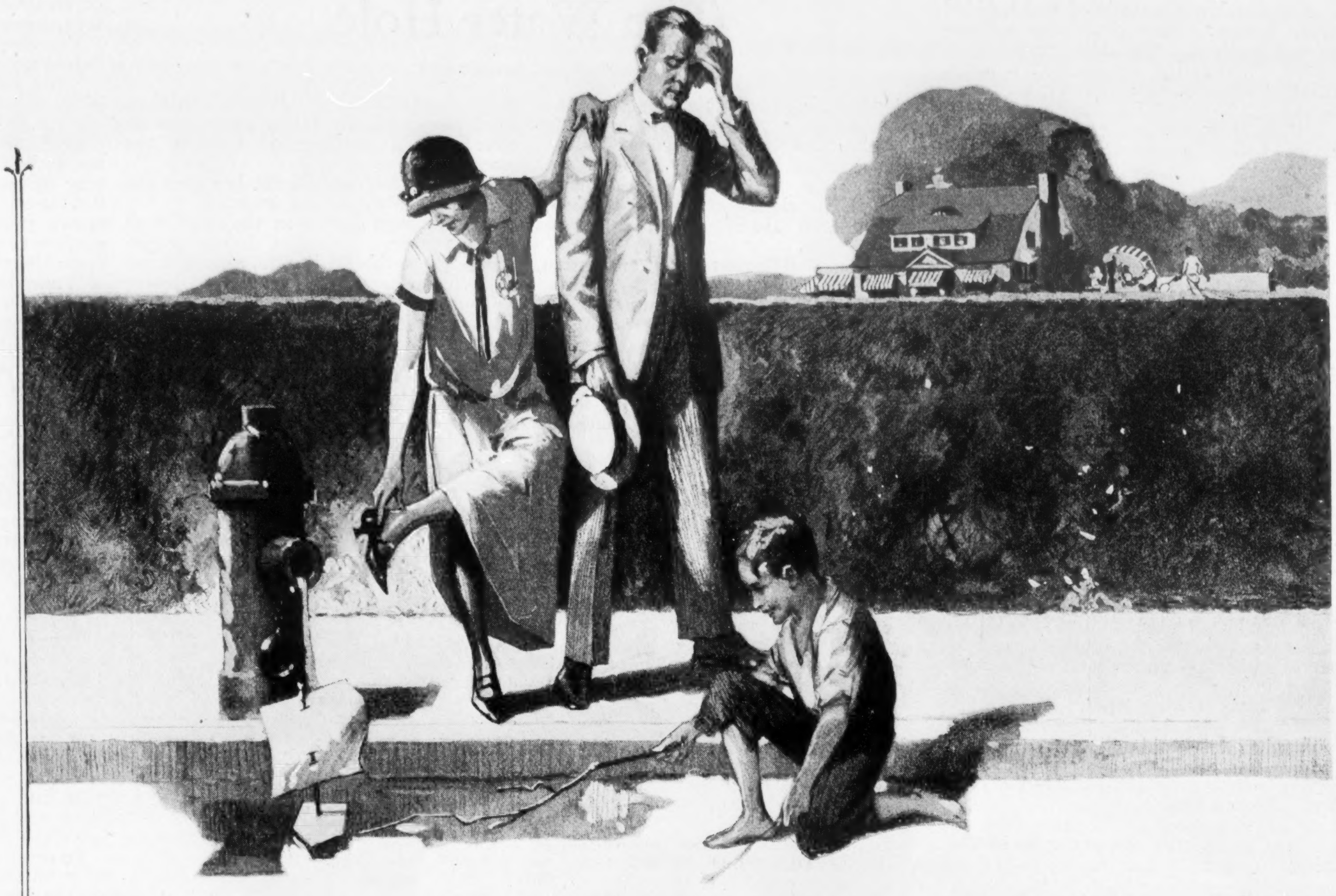
(*Continued on page 26*)

Cantilever Stores

Cut this out for reference

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade (Main & Market)
Albany—Hewett's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
Allentown—907 Hamilton St.
Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
Asheville—Pollock's
Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk (near Shelburne)
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St. (2nd floor)
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Berkeley—The Booterie
Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—109 Newbury St., cor. Clarendon St.
Bridgeport—1025 Main St., (2nd floor)
Brockton—Model Shoe Store
Brooklyn—516 Fulton St. (Primrose Bldg.)
Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Camden—R. J. Curran, 110 Broadway
Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
Chicago—162 N. State St. (opp. Chicago Theatre)
1050 Leland (near Broadway)
Pershing Hotel Bldg., (Woodlawn)
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
Colorado Springs—Wulff Shoe Co.
Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
Dallas—Volk Bros. Co.
Davenport—M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
Decatur—Raupp & Son
Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—41 E. Adams Ave.
Dubuque—J. F. Stampfer Co.
Duluth—107 W. First St. (near 1st Ave. W.)
Easton—Horace Mayer
Elizabeth—258 No. Broad St.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
Evanston—North Shoe Bootery
Evansville—310 So. 3rd St. (near Main)
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley & Son
Fall River—D. F. Sullivan
Ft. Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
Ft. Worth—Washer Bros.
Galveston—Clark W. Thompson Co.
Grand Island—S. N. Wolbach Sons
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville, S. C.—Pollock's
Hagerstown—Bikle's Shoe Shop
Harrisburg—26 No. 3rd St. (Second Floor)
Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
Haverhill—McGregor's, 21 Washington Sq.
Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
Houston—205 Foster-Bank Commerce Bldg.
Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—L. H. Field Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—24 Hogan St. (opp. Seminole Hotel)
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster, Pa.—Boyd's, 5 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—Geo. Lord & Son
Lewiston, Me.—Lamey-Wellehan
Lima—The Sill Shoe Co.
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co.
Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Madison—Family Shoe Store
Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Memphis—28 No. Second St.
Meriden, Conn.—Brown Shoe Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—25 Eighth St., South
Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
Mobile—E. H. Britton Shoe Co.
Montgomery—Campbell Shoe Co.
Muncie—Miller Shoe Co.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
New Bedford—720 Pleasant St.
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Brunswick, N. J.—A. V. Harding & Sons
New Castle, Pa.—229 E. Washington St.
New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)
New Orleans—109 Baronne St. (Room 200)
Newport, R. I.—Sullivan's, 226 Thames St.
New York—14 W. 40th St. (opp. Public Library)
2950 Third Ave. (152nd St.)
Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
Oakland—516-15th St. (Opp. City Hall)
Oklahoma City—Fezler's Boot Shop
Omaha—1708 Howard St.
Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
Passaic—37 Lexington Ave.
Paterson—10 Park Ave. (at Erie Depot)
Pawtucket—Evans & Young
Peoria—Jefferson St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
Pittsfield—Wm. Fahey, 234 North St.
Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
Providence—The Boston Store
Reading—Sig. S. Schweriner
Richmond, Va.—Seymour Sycle
Roanoke—I. Bachrach Shoe Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—257 Main St. E. (3rd floor)
Rockford—D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rock Island—Boston Shoe Co.
St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg., opp. P. O.
St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
Sacramento—208 Ochsner Bldg., K near 7th
Saginaw—Goeschel-Kuiper Co.
Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
San Diego—The Marston Co.
San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—445 State St.
Scranton—Lewis & Reilly
Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
Tacoma—255 So. 11th St. (Fidelity Bldg.)
Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
Toronto—7 Queen St. East (at Yonge)
Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
Troy—35 Third St. (2d floor)
Tulsa—Lyon's Shoe Store
Union Hill, N. J.—Star Shoe Store
Utica—28 & 30 Blandina St., cor. Union
Waco—Davis-Smith Booterie
Waltham—Rufus Warren & Sons
Washington, D. C.—1319 F Street (2d floor)
Waterloo—U. T. K. Shoe Co.
Watertown, N. Y.—Berow & Monroe
Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
Winnipeg—Hudson's Bay Co.
Woonsocket—Martin Shoe Co.
Worcester—J. C. MacInnes Co.
Yonkers—22 Main St.
York—The Bon Ton
Youngstown—B. McManus Co.
Zanesville—J. B. Hunter Co.

Agencies in 401 other cities



Does the hot weather "get" you?

WHAT a relief it would be to slip off the shackles of convention and be comfortable these hot August days! To steal away to some mountain brook and to bathe those poor, tired feet of yours in the cool, clean water that ripples joyously over mossy stones. No wonder the barefoot boy enjoys Summer!

You can share in the joys of barefoot children more nearly than you might expect. Much of the discomfort suffered during these scorching days is caused by rigid, unnatural shoes. For wrongly designed shoes impede circulation and overheat the foot.

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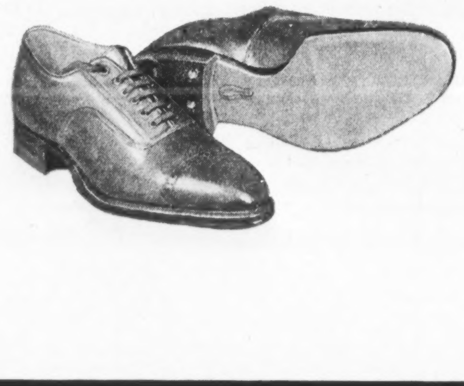

Cantilever
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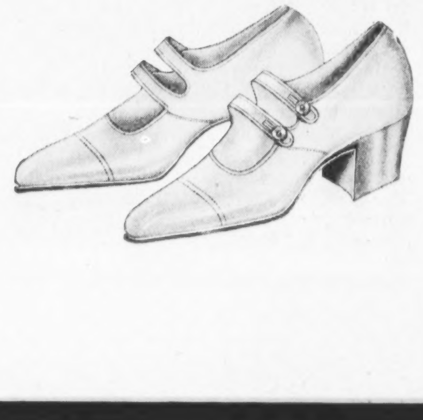
for Men and Women



The Water Hole

Continued from page 24

The ranchmen unsaddled and hobbled their horses. Maw dosed her embarrassed patient. The last of daylight faded. 'Vangeline, armed with a lamp, finally took station at the organ's keyboard.

"Play that new song you bought in Saint Looey," suggested maw. "It's right purty."

The organ boomed tunefully. 'Vangeline sang in a voice thin but true. There was a queer silence when she was finished.

At last the big cattle king sighed.

"My, that's pretty. What's the name of it?"

" 'The Old Folks at Home,' " said maw pridefully. " 'Vangeline got a spang-new copy, just arrived from the East."

The cattleman dug the rowels of his big cruel spurs into the soft bunch grass. He spoke wistfully: "I'd shorely, shorely, shorely admire to have you people for neighbors. It's jest the principle of the thing. If we let one party git a water hole, we've got to let others!"

Maw spoke to 'Vangeline: "Play that there 'Ben Bolt.' It's right sweet."

'Vangeline went through her whole repertoire.

"We're shore much obliged!" said the cattle king, at the end. "We'll remember this here evenin' as long as we live! It's a dang shame to make you people move along; I hate it, but—" He repeated the inexorable ruling: "It's the principle of the thing! If one comes, the others can come!"

"We might farm the back lands yonder," pleaded pa.

"No"—hopelessly. "I can't find no way out of it. It's the principle of the thing!"

PA TOSSED in his blankets while the camp and its guests snored. He stared at the millions of bright stars in their great fathomless blue-black well, striving to find some way around the stubborn law of the cattle range. He racked his brains till they were dizzy. He fretted even in the unconsciousness of sleep. When he opened his eyes again, he saw the same obstinate problems and the same yellow stars, though their luster was dimmer and the blue-black void seemed somewhat grayer. He decided that dawn was coming. He raised on his shoulder and peered eastward, between a cracker box and the bin of corn.

A blob of sagebrush, about a hundred yards away, seemed to move slightly.

Pa rubbed his eyes. He stared again. Another indistinct blob gravitated away from its nearer companion. A third shadow merged into the mass. Other ghostly blotches changed position, almost by inches.

Pa, with heart beating frantically, brought his rifle into position. He aimed into the brush. He pulled trigger. A blaze of light flashed toward the east. The gun banged and kicked.

"Injuns!" he yelled.

Sleepers jumped. Arms rattled. A sudden explosion deafened pa's left ear. An arrow whistled over his head. The blobs of sagebrush came to frantic life. The line of yelling, leaping figures, in the tricky light, seemed to stretch across the whole blurred horizon. He grabbed another rifle. He aimed toward the nearest mass of forms. His gun flashed and kicked.

"They're a-comin!" howled Will-yum.

Leaping flames crackled along the line of the barricade, accompanied by a roll of smoke. Pa coughed. He grabbed a pistol while blinking his teary eyes. He emptied the weapon. Lances of flame came from the brush in reply. A leaden slug went past his head: *Whe-e-e-e-e-e!* An arrow ripped through the tarpaulin behind him. Another plunked into the corn bin. He wiped his eyes and yanked a derringer off a box. He saw a form racing toward him from the brush. He fired. The form threw up its hands, spun around, collapsed. The rest came on.

"Give'm hell!' bawled the big voice of the cattleman, up the line.

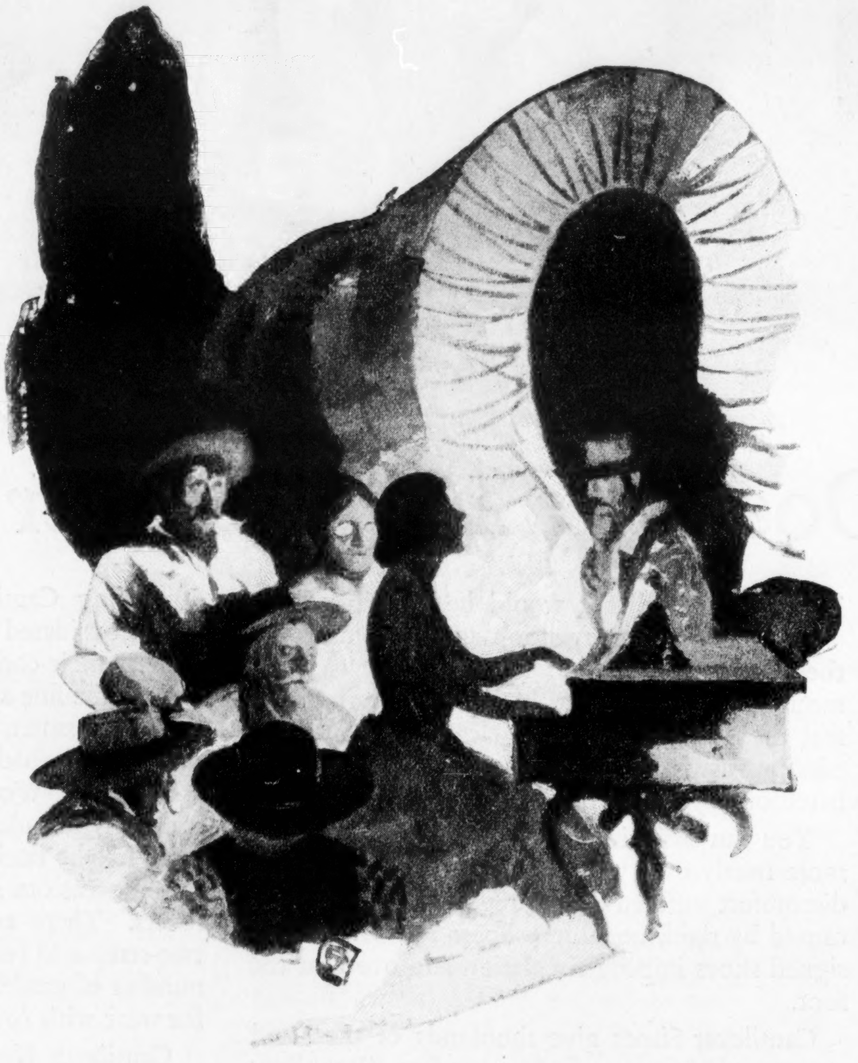
"Ya-a-a-a-a-a!" howled his ruffians.

Flashes of flame leaped down the line of the barricade, exploding madly: *R-r-r-r-r-r-r!* Pa felt a new pistol thrust into his hand. He glanced at the donor. It was 'Vangeline, trembling but game. He fired at a whooping savage. Another volley burst out alongside him. Smoke obscured his vision.

He emptied his pistol. Another was thrust into his hand. He looked through the clouds of smoke wherever they thinned. He fired again and added to the smoke.

"Give'm hell!" roared the cattleman, up the line.

Arrows whizzed into the barricade. Slugs of lead whined. One plunked into a wagon wheel. A water bucket was knocked over. The curtain of smoke lifted again. The Indians were still coming on, but slower and seemingly farther away. Their front-line fighters were down.



Maw spoke to 'Vangeline: "Play that there 'Ben Bolt' "

Suddenly the vicious flashes whipped out in the dark brush *behind* the Indians. The distant popping explosions increased, halted, started again. The savages, rattled by this rear attack, lost momentum. They became panicky. The yelling leaders broke and ran southward, past the water hole. The whole screeching horde followed, jumping over the brush, racing like a stampede.

" 'Rah!" bellowed the truculent cattleman. "They're on the run! Remember what they done to Jake, boys. *Kill 'em!*"

The cattle king—roaring, jumping, firing, swearing, drunk with fighting—stormed over the barrier. His ruffians followed, sweeping down the line, shooting into the backs of their enemies. Pa blazed away again. The curtain of smoke returned. He started to reload his rifle. He stepped backward. His boots struck something soft. He looked down.

" 'Vangeline!" he sobbed. "My kitten!"

He dropped his gun and bent over her. Maw arrived, trembling, disheveled, half dressed. Her voice was whimpering.

"What is it? What is it?"

"Nerves, I reckon," said pa after a brief examination. "She's fainted. Jest like wimmen folks, after it's all over! We'd better lay her in the wagon."

He lifted her and thrust her over the tailboard. Maw stayed with her.

The strange flashes in the sagebrush came nearer. The last Indian raced past. Pa grabbed his rifle, aimed, fired. The victim kept running, a little lower at each step, until he slid to the ground. The cattleman and his crowd warily stopped their pursuit, standing and blazing southward at every possible target.

Three scarecrows, mere silhouettes against the dull gray sky, staggered out of the eastern sagebrush. The cattleman and his ruffians turned and faced them alertly.

"Don't shoot!" roared the cattle king suddenly. "They're white men!"

The scarecrows lurched forward. They reached the cowpunchers and kept right on, swaying and staggering as they walked.

Will-yum, alongside pa, made queer noises in his throat.

"I've heard of some real desp'rate lovers," he panted, "but I never before seen any that'd plow right smack through an Injun war party."

THE trio reached the line of boxes, fell over them, writhed, got up, staggered ahead stubbornly.

"They're loco!" yelped the big cattleman. "Crazy with thirst. They'll founder themselves. Stop 'em!"

Pa leaped upon the nearest one, who shook him away and kept going, caroming off the line of water barrels. Pa and Will-yum tackled him again. He fought desperately, making noises with his drooling mouth. Suddenly the big cattleman leaped upon him. A mighty fist clipped the scarecrow behind the ear. He fell, stunned. The cattleman whirled and caught the other two. He hit them methodically.

" 'T'warn't love," admitted Will-yum, correcting his former observation. "It was thirst!"

Pa snorted disgustedly. "Well, they're here anyhow, dammit!"

"Tie 'em down!" ordered the cattle king. "Feed 'em a spunful at a time!"

Pa and Will-yum and the boys obeyed. The thick-lipped mouths of the squirming, bawling victims were given tiny drops of water. The eastern sky lightened, became pink. The scarecrows gradually ceased raving. The cattleman's ruffians began to come back from their excursion.

'Vangeline dazedly climbed out over the wagon's tailboard. She straightened her red dress and noticed the operations at the water hole. She ambled over there. Suddenly, with eyes wide, she halted and caught her breath.

"John! *John! My darling!*"

She dived through the circle of men. She knelt at the darkest scarecrow's side. She lifted his head. She worked over him, cooing and crooning, laving his feverish brow, weeping unashamed, whispering into his ear. A few moments later she happened to look up into the powder-grimed face of the big cattleman, who was standing almost over her. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips parted, her eyes divine. The cattle king turned away, gnawing at the ends of his longhorn mustache. His life was to span seventy tough and hectic years of bachelorhood but right now he knew he was missing something.

"I reckon them two must have kept company before," he observed, in a growling voice.

"Wa-al, yes," admitted pa feebly. "Don't seem to be no way to separate 'em."

The cattleman politely refrained from further comment.

"We ought to tidy up the camp a leetle!" suggested pa.

THEY tidied camp. Maw, still shaken, went about her duties. The sun arose redly. The workers began to alleviate the awful welter around the edge of the sagebrush.

"Breakfast's ready!" called maw in a trembly voice.

They washed their faces and came. 'Vangeline and John sat on a cracker box, holding hands. Her face was glorified.

"Seems like you took a mighty long chance!" remarked the big cattleman to John.

"We smelt the water," explained the lover thickly. "Injuns didn't mean anything. We'd come halfway across that desert. It was longer'n we thought. We ran out of water. We couldn't go back, so we had to go forward. Our horses died. We kept on afoot. We must have wandered all over. Then we heard the shootin'. We knew there was people there, and we knew there was water. We'd have fought all the Injuns in the world!"

"You must have suffered terrible!" said maw compassionately. "Have some more coffee!"

'Vangeline patted the young fellow's shoulder, regardless of the audience. Will-yum alone did not observe it. He kept staring at his plate thoughtfully. At length he laid his elbows on the table and addressed the cattleman: "It'd be tough for us to move away now."

Pa frowned. The cattle king's brow wrinkled with real grief. His big hands made a helpless gesture. "I know. It's a shame! If it wa'n't for the prin—"

"That's just what I'm gittin' at. I think you're right. You can't have the water holes taken up by nesters! No, sir!"

Pa glared. Will-yum, however, proceeded amiably: "It's funny you didn't have a man guardin' this here water hole, seein' it's so durned valuable!"

"I ain't got the men," explained the cattleman wearily.

Will-yum's voice arose in triumph: "That's just the p'int! You ain't got the men, and we have. There's four of us, countin' the boys. We could stay here and guard this here water hole and—" Will-yum's nerve left him. His voice became subdued—"and sorter see that nobody runs away with it!"

Bang! The cattleman's mighty fist crashed on the table.

"You've got the right idee! Doggone

(*Continued on page 28*)

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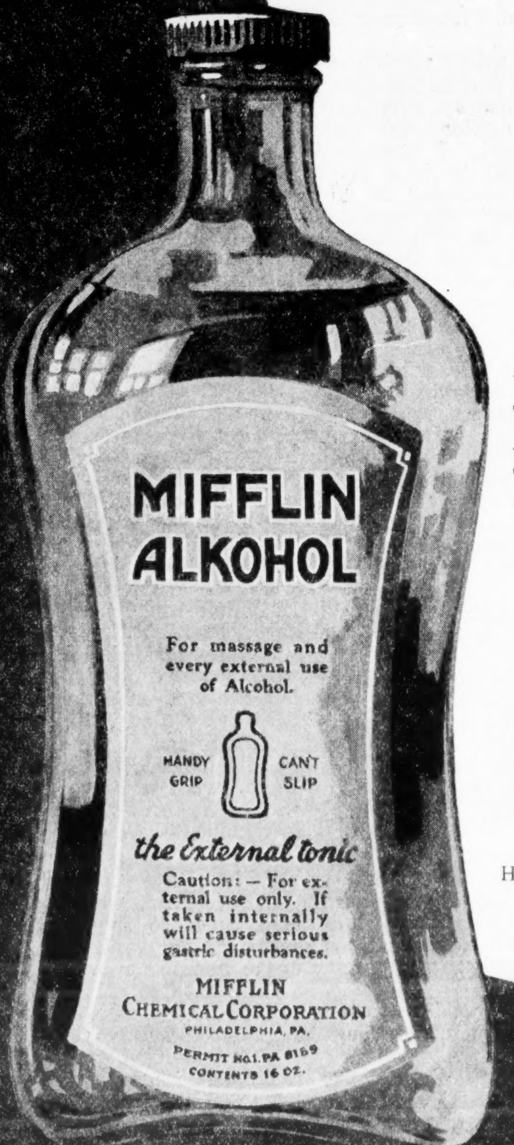
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The Water Hole

Continued from page 26

it, you've got it! My gosh, I laid awake all night tryin' to find some way to figger it out!" He beamed around at the assemblage. "There wa'n't nothin' pers'nal about chasin' you out. It was the principle of the thing."

"We'd shore hated to do it!" added a bearded thug.

"I take that mighty friendly!" replied the delighted pa. "It looks like Will's hit the nail right plumb on the head!"

"Will-yum is real smart sometimes!" applauded maw.

The cattleman turned his keen gray eyes toward John and 'Vangeline. "Seems like you two young folks oughta git spliced," he announced, butting right into family affairs.

There was silence.

"Don't seem no way to prevent it," admitted pa at last.

The cattleman jerked a thumb northward.

"Up yonder's Fort Laramie and Denver. They've got preachers. I reckon you can make it in fifteen-twenty days if you travel good. Come over by the ranch, and I'll give you a guide!"

'Vangeline's radiant eyes voiced her thanks. The big cattleman arose.

"Well, boys, we better clean up things and then git for home. Come on."

They cleaned up things till the sun registered mid-morning. Then the visitors saddled their horses, and mounted. The animals were fortunately present at roll call. The Indians had not had time to kill or steal them.

"If you people need any fresh meat anytime, go ahead and kill a steer," offered the big cattleman, sitting splendidly on his fine bay horse.

"Thankee kindly!" said pa.

"Be sure and come back soon for some more biscuits!" reminded maw.

"We shore will!" agreed the big cattleman, wheeling his horse. "We're doggoned glad you're here!"

Five hands went up to hats. Five tattered chapeaux were lifted, disclosing unbarbered hair. Five horses started forward, and soon the little cavalcade disappeared up a cañon. The last ruffian—the blond with one eye—reined in and waved. Maw waved back.

"They're real nice boys!" said maw.

"Yep," agreed pa. "Good neighbors."

THE camp, basking in the sunshine, had a sort of calm-after-the-storm aspect. The folks began to undergo a reaction. They felt somewhat dazed. Maw and 'Vangeline wept. Will-yum became especially moody. He began to pace up and down.

" 'S'matter?" inquired pa, somewhat absently.

"I was thinkin'. When 'Vangeline leaves, there ain't nobody can play that there melodeum!"

"That's so!" agreed pa, swallowing down his Adam's apple. "We're a-goin' to be right lonely!"

He stared at the old organ. He approached it. He noted that the yellow-white keyboard was rakishly out of line. He edged past the water barrels and inspected the organ's back. Two arrows were neatly planted in the bellows. A leaden slug had plunked through the other innards, tearing a great hole through everything and stopping just behind the keys.

Pa cleared this throat. He spoke slowly and sadly, in a voice that quavered: "No. I reckon we ain't gonna have *nobody* to play that there melodeum!"

The Mountain

Continued from page 16

"All right," he said.

She eyed the cart. "Your chariot has a fragrance of its own," she said in amusement.

"There's hay for you to sit on," he assured her.

So she held up her hands for him to lift her to her feet, and then made him lift her again into the body of the cart. He did so without a word, then gathered the reins and walked beside the wheel, guiding the horse among the bowlders which littered the pasture. As they drew away from the fringe of the woods the Mountain lifted its bulk against the sky behind them, and the woman watched it with a little smile, her eyes turning toward Dave now and then, without meeting a response from him. She saw his new mood, and kept silent.

AT THE road he stopped the cart while he replaced the bars, and then climbed in and stood almost above the woman while he drove. Once or twice she looked up at him, but she could only see his side and his back; his eyes bent steadily forward along the road.

Then she saw the new, bright barn ahead on the right of the road, and as they drew nearer perceived the white house on the left. Dave pulled up to the kitchen door, backing the horse; the door opened and Mrs. Beard stood in it with the light behind her. Dave's wife had put on a wrapper and slippers, and the wrapper drew about her body, relentlessly revealing it. Jennie stood at her shoulder. Neither of the women spoke.

Dave descended and came to the tail of the cart and took the dancer in his arms again; and Mrs. Beard and Jennie drew aside while he carried her into the kitchen. He deposited her upon a haircloth sofa against one wall, the lamp shining in her face, and drew back and spoke to Mrs. Beard.

"You fix her up," he bade harshly, departing to stall the horse again.

The three women thus left alone together took stock one of another in a long silence. Mrs. Beard, twisting her fingers together helplessly, alone gave outward evidence of inner perturbation. It was Jennie who was first to speak.

She came toward the couch; and the manner of her movements caught the dancer's eye and brought instant recognition. This, then, was the nymph who had fled before them from the oak beside the wall—this the nymph, but who had been the faun? She smiled at Jennie as the girl bent over her. Jennie asked:

"Where is it you are hurt?"

"My ankle," the dancer replied, and stripped her stocking down.

Jennie looked at the dark bruise and touched it with her fingers, while the other woman relaxed and watched her, still curiously smiling. The girl, she saw, was natural grace incarnate. Her fingers, her wrist, her forearm combined in a line of beauty; the bow of her waist as she stooped was exquisite; her neck was fine, and her small head wore proudly its crown of golden hair.

"There seems no swelling," Jennie said softly. "Do you think so, mother?"

Mrs. Beard came nervously to inspect the bruise. "I've told Dave he oughtn't to shoot that way," she exclaimed apologetically. "I've told him a dozen times, a hundred times. I always said so. I knew he'd do hurt some day."

"You are his wife?" the dancer asked in a cool tone.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Beard."

"The hurt is nothing," the injured woman told them reassuringly. She was matter of fact and calm. "It is only that I am a dancer, and must take care of such things, since my feet are my living. So I waited till someone found me."

"Where did he find you?" Mrs. Beard asked.

"On the Mountain."

"He ain't been up there in years," Dave's wife protested incredulously.

"Perhaps he had misgivings," the other suggested.

Jennie spoke again. "It needs rubbing," she said. "I'll rub it, with butter. That will cure the hurt."

"I'm afraid you will have to let me stay here to-night," the injured woman explained apologetically.

Jennie and her mother glanced at one another. There was no unused room in the small house. Dave had long intended to add one, but they seldom had need of such accommodations. "She can come in with me," Jennie said, after a moment; and her mother, uncertain and disturbed, hesitated in doubt.

"We're not very fine here," she told the woman on the sofa.

"I shall not complain," the other promised. "It is kind of you to welcome me."

Jennie went to the pantry and came back with a pat of butter, cool and firm. She set it on the table, and then approached the sofa and loosened the strange woman's shoe and removed it and the stocking. "Yes, it just needs rubbing," she repeated, nodding to herself. The dancer thought even this nod charming. The cool butter was delightful on her skin.

THE racket and roar of a gasoline engine, beginning faintly, thrust itself into the room with increasing violence; and they all listened without speaking for a moment. Then the injured woman exclaimed: "They have come to find me!"

Mrs. Beard went to the door in time to see a huge brown motor truck turn into the yard. Two men descended from the seat, and her husband met them in the moonlight. After a moment, however, the three men came toward the house, and Mrs. Beard said swiftly to Jennie: "Go upstairs. They're strangers."

The dancer intervened. "It is only my friends," she explained. "Stay, child."

So Jennie waited, her palm smoothing the bruised skin, her eyes upon the door; and through this door two men burst into the room. Dave came more slowly upon their heels.

The first man was short and curiously stout; his eyes protruded and his hair—he wore no hat—flared wildly on his head. He saw the dancer on the sofa and strode toward her with hands outstretched, volleying words in a strange tongue. She replied; the others stood watching and listening, seeking to follow their conversation, without success.

WHEN at last the man's voluble excitement vanished and he fell silent, the room seemed abruptly very still.

In this hush the dancer said smilingly: "This is Luigi. I have told him he is a pig. But he is a great man too. Perhaps to-morrow he will play the violin for you." She indicated the other man, and Jennie looked at him with attention for the first time. He was small without seeming slender. There was rather something dwarfish about him. His eyes were pale; his lips were tight, and two deep-graven lines hung from either side of his nose.

"This is Steve, who drives a car like an angel," the strange woman explained. She spoke to Mrs. Beard. "I have told your husband, we are touring, living in the van outside, with small white tents. So very white, when we camp along the trees. Perhaps your husband will permit us to stay here for a day or two, till I am recovered."

Mrs. Beard said eagerly: "Dave'll do anything he can to make up to you, ma'am."

The dancer spoke to Luigi again in his own tongue; to the chauffeur she said pleasantly: "Find a nice place." Then, looking toward Jennie, she asked: "Is there some beautiful spot near by where we can camp?"

"Down by the pond," Jennie suggested.

"Can they drive down?"

Dave Beard stood in the doorway, silent and lowering, saying no word. But his eyes were fixed upon this strange woman. Jennie looked toward him and asked uncertainly: "Can they, father?"

He bestirred himself, nodding to the chauffeur. "I'll show you," he suggested. "Come on."

But the dancer said: "Wait. I must have some things for the night." She considered; then looked toward Jennie with a smile. "I cannot walk out to the van," she explained. "Will you not get them for me? My toilet things, and pajamas, and kimono. . . . No, I had better go."

"I can go," Jennie urged.

The woman hesitated, then assented. "Steve will show you," she suggested, and so directed the chauffeur.

Outside the chauffeur said amiably: "Great night, what?"

"Yes," Jennie agreed in a low voice.

He jerked his head toward the house. "She's a wonder, eh?"

They were by this time at the van, and Jennie had no need to reply. Steve took charge of the matter, snapping on an electric lantern and selecting this and that while Jennie stood in the door, her eyes absorbed in what she saw. Even in this uncertain light she could perceive how richly this interior was finished. Lovely fabrics everywhere met her eye.

"Better take this whole bag, I guess," Steve decided, handing Jennie a black leather case. "She needs a lot of gear to take care of herself." He picked up some filmy garments lying across one of the two bunks. "And these, and this!"

On the way back to the house he carried the heavy bag, while Jennie bore the lighter burdens. Her nostrils were filled with the scent that had hung heavily in the atmosphere of the van, and the smooth stuff across her arm touched her skin deliciously.

"I'll see you in the morning, won't I?" Steve asked, as they reached the door.

"I suppose so," Jennie agreed.

"That's the stuff," he applauded. "I hope we hang around here for a while."

When the dancer saw what they had brought, she nodded with satisfaction; nevertheless she sent Steve back for one thing more. During Jennie's absence she had explained to Luigi what was intended; and when Steve returned she dismissed the two men with a word. Steve looked across the room at Jennie and smiled and said: "I'll say good night."

Jennie nodded. But the strange woman, watching him sharply, suddenly laughed and made a peremptory gesture. "Go along, Steve," she directed.

He grinned at her in understanding, but he obeyed; he and Luigi followed Dave, who went to show them the way. The three women were once more left alone.

WHEN Dave returned from directing the men to a wood road which would lead them to the pond, Mrs. Beard said: "She wants you to carry her up to Jennie's room."

He hesitated, his eyes dark. "She going to sleep with Jennie?" he asked, vague reluctance in his tone.

"It's the only place for her," his wife reminded him.

A little silence fell while he considered this; and the dancer watched Mrs. Beard and Jennie amused to see how they waited on his decision. Then, with a grudging word, he crossed to where she sat and without ceremony picked her up in his arms again. Jennie went ahead with the lamp and some of the dancer's belongings; Mrs

Beard came behind, the bag in her hand, full of warnings and admonitions, insisting that Dave be careful where he stepped, be careful not to thrust the bruised ankle against door or wall.

Jennie opened the door of her room and set the lamp on the table and stood aside. Dave deposited the dancer on her feet, erect beside the bed, and at once withdrew, but Mrs. Beard stayed for a few minutes, full of futile solicitude, till Jennie bade her go to bed and sent her away reassured.

When she had closed the door behind her mother, Jennie turned to face her guest, ill at ease and a little afraid. The dancer was sitting on the edge of the bed, her eyes surveying the room. Its simplicity had a charm which she could not help feeling; it laid a spell upon her.

The bed itself was of maple, with low posts, the counterpane snowy and the pillows round and firm. There was a low rocking chair beside the window; upon the table by the lamp a book or two. In one corner a flowered curtain hid a recess in which Jennie's few clothes hung. A walnut bureau with a marble slab top, its mirror in a carved frame, was set opposite the bed; and on the marble slab a clean towel with fringed ends served as cover, while upon it were laid comb and brush, a little box of hairpins, a pincushion, and a small china dog with matches in an opening in his head. The floor was painted yellow, and by the bedside and before the bureau were braided rugs. In a corner near the door stood a washstand with a heavy bowl and pitcher and soap dish, towels on rods at the side. The room smelled of clean linens.

The woman from the Mountain concluded her survey without haste; then looked toward Jennie and smiled. "You are a sweet child," she said in a friendly tone. "I like your room."

Nothing could have been better calculated to set Jennie at her ease. Her uncertainty began to give way to that curiosity which from the first had almost overwhelmed her. There were so many questions she wished to ask, so many things she would like to know. But she had her duty to her guest; and she said now:

"I've brought some butter from the kitchen. When you're ready, I'll rub your ankle some more."

WHEN the dancer began to undress she accepted Jennie's attentions with a helplessness more pretended than real. Her ankle had ceased to pain her; it had been as much anger as pain that had made her wait so stubbornly on the mountaintop; nevertheless it was pleasant to be thus tended. At a certain moment, Jennie showed her the pajamas laid across the bed and turned away; but the other woman, used to the professional display of her body, did not even comprehend the young girl's motive. The routine of keeping her muscles fit was long habit with her; and she slipped out of her remaining garments and began the swift series of exercises which were her nightly custom. They continued for so long that Jennie at last looked toward her; forgot then to look away again, so engrossed was she in the energetic grace of what the other did.

"Why do you do that?" Jennie asked.

"I must, child," the other replied. "My muscles are all I have, you see. It is necessary to take care of them." She began to brush her loosened hair with long, regular strokes.

"You are a—dancer?" Jennie asked.

"Yes."

"Where? What do you. . . . "

The older woman laughed warmly. Her hair fell about her shoulders and the brush woke in it pools of reflected light. While she busied herself thus, and later with manicure file and scissors, with unguents and lotions, with all the paraphernalia involved in her preparations for the night, she talked.

Jennie, as much by watching as by listening, discovered mysteries and wonders never guessed at. The lovely fabrics of the dancer's undergarments and her pajamas, the fragrance of her hair and of the lotions she applied to arms and cheeks and throat, and the meticulous care which ruled every detail of the other's toilet all formed a background to the picture which her words painted.

At the same time her words gave Jennie fugitive glimpses of the world from which she came. Even after she was ready for the night, abed, the covers drawn to her chin, she talked on and on. New York; the theatre; the revues; the flare of colored lights; the skilful coördination of many feminine figures into one pattern; the beat and lilt of music; the applause.

Outside the familiar countryside lay fragrant and serene. The moon climbed higher, and the owl hunting on the slopes of the Mountain hooted over and over again. Within the room, till the lamp sputtered and burned low, the woman talked and the girl listened; and when at last the light had been extinguished and Jennie also had come to bed, the dancer still painted her colorful picture before the other's enchanted eyes.

At length a long silence fell upon them. The woman began to be sleepy; her eyes closed. She could feel, without touching the girl rigidly still beside her; and by and by, in a low tone, she said:

"You know, you are very graceful, child. You could do it full as well as I."

Jennie uttered a low exclamation, quickly stifled. The dancer smiled, and presently she slept. But Jennie lay long awake, her imagination afire. In that hour she forgot Bob, forgot her father, forgot all else save the matters she had just heard. It was as though she stood at the gateway to a new brilliant world.

DAVE BEARD was not easily disturbed or shaken out of his habitual composure, but the events of the few hours just passed had been so extraordinary that they had inevitably brought about in the man a condition of spiritual and mental turmoil and confusion.

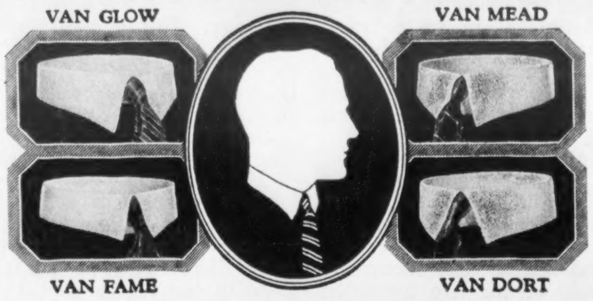
The day had begun like any other day; it had progressed up to a certain point in the ordered and uneventful manner natural to all the days of his life at the foot of the Mountain. But the episode of the discovered dancing slippers and the ensuing scene in the kitchen had begun the overthrow of his usual assurance. He had been very angry, as much because they were afraid of him as for any other reason. It had never occurred to Dave that he was overbearing, arrogant, brutal; he thought of himself as energetic and vigorous, and rather plumed himself upon these qualities, shining as they did by contrast with the easier ways of his neighbors.

Sometimes he must have known that Mrs. Beard was afraid of him; but she was—had been for years—a querulous and timorous creature for whom he had small concern. There was no reason why Jennie should have feared him; at least, no reason was perceptible to him. He was angry because they were afraid of him; and fundamentally, he was angry at himself, not at them. But the outward evidences of his anger struck at them rather than at himself; so he had destroyed Jennie's frock—and hated himself immediately thereafter.

The fact that someone sought to steal his blueberries converted this anger into a curious self-pity; he thought of himself as a man abused and misunderstood, lonely and without friends, his own wife and daughter shutting him out of their most treasured affairs. It was this uneasiness which had nursed his first misgiving lest the thief atop the Mountain might indeed have been struck by a flying bullet; he set about the climb and pushed it to completion in a mood of resentment and sorrow, resenting this necessity, grieving because he was misunderstood, angry at himself for having hurt Jennie.

And in this emotional condition he came upon the dancer on the moun-

(*Continued on page 30*)



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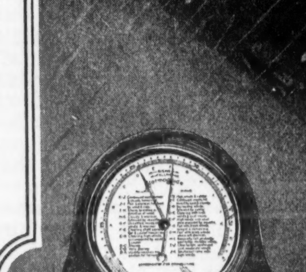

Tycos TEMPERATURE INSTRUMENTS
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The Mountain

Continued from page 29

taintop. If she had been a woman of some ordinary fashion, the circumstances—the moon, the warm wind that laved the bold shoulder of the hill, the fact that she was injured—must still have powerfully affected him. Not only were these things true, however, but the woman was beautiful in an extraordinary degree; she wore this beauty like a banner, thrusting it insistently forward; she was kind to him; the glamour of her occupation hung around her head; and he had hurt her.

The fact that she was hurt evoked no sentiment of tenderness in Dave. His life had been too stern for such a feeling to be easily aroused in him. He had driven himself as he had driven others, man and beast. The occasional small mischances of his life upon the farm, when he cut a finger, twisted an ankle, strained a ligament, or dropped a stitch in his back, he had been accustomed to ignore, accepting the pain involved, but going insistently on with the work that had to be done.

BECAUSE this was his attitude toward himself, he had small sympathy for the ailments of others. Mrs. Beard's occasional minor illnesses had always irked him; he resented them. At first this half angry resentment was the outward manifestation of an inner concern, but for a good many years now there had been not even this disguised tenderness in his feelings toward his wife. She was no longer interesting to him except as an adjunct to his housekeeping. Even Jennie, after she passed the years of babyhood, got small sympathy from her father for her small distresses. If they needed attention, he gave it; if not, he ignored them or laughed at them.

Thus when he discovered the hurt woman on the mountaintop, and she displayed for him the bruise she had sustained, he saw at once that it was of little moment. It was, he knew, ridiculous to make a pother about such a matter. Nevertheless he felt himself under some obligation; and the emotional impact of the encounter had robbed him of his usual authority.

When she demanded that he carry her down the mountain, his common sense rebelled while at the same time he found himself secretly looking forward to the experience. This was a feeling he did not define nor admit to himself; nevertheless it existed. When at last he bore her in his arms, the close and pressing contact between their two bodies made his blood pound.

Such an experience was, of course, wholly foreign to anything in Dave's recent years. He had wooed his wife in hot blood, young and full of ardor; and the months immediately after their marriage had worn something of this glamour. But it had slowly faded as day by day the small, enticing mysteries about her were solved and she became to him an open book, too often read.

Under other circumstances, he must long since have turned to other women, seeking interest, but the conditions of his life were such that his work engrossed him. He threw into it the energy which might have been less honestly directed; and though he occasionally came into contact with other women, they were either women of the neighborhood as familiar to him as his wife, or they were of another world, too remote to awaken any personal reaction.

Jennie's approaching and increasing maturity sometimes moved him to a feeling of tenderness and adoration, so faint as scarcely to be perceptible, which was akin to that devotion he had given her mother in his youth. Occasionally he found pleasure in watching her movements, so full of gentleness and grace, or in listening to her quiet tones.

There were times when he wished, vaguely, to kiss her; but neither Dave nor Mrs. Beard was demonstrative, and except when he bade her good-by on the occasion of her visit to East Harbor, and again upon her return, he had not kissed Jennie since her babyhood. Once or twice he tried, as clumsily as a boy might have done, to contrive an occasion for such a caress, but Jennie never seemed to perceive his intention, and always at the last his courage had failed.

THIS faint feeling for Jennie was the only manifestation in Dave—and this had been true for years—of that attraction between the sexes which is so large a part of life. Yet it were absurd to suppose that Dave lacked all capacity for such emotion. Contact with the dancer, instantly tumbling all his ordered thoughts into confusion, filled him with a spiritual disturbance which bewildered him, which left him angry at himself and at the world, which made him ache and made his eyes burn and his lips smart with an unrecognized hunger.

When he drove home from the pasture with the woman at his feet, he looked forward as toward sanctuary, assuring himself that, in the light of the kitchen lamp, among the ordinary surroundings of his days, she would lose her compelling beauty and would become as indifferent as other women were to him.

But this did not prove to be the case. Reclining on the haircloth sofa in the kitchen, she gave off emanations ever more disturbing—by force of contrast—than when they were alone upon the mountaintop. She was so different from Mrs. Beard; she was so bizarre a figure in his kitchen.

BETWEEN her and Jennie he perceived a kinship of beauty, but there was nothing else in the room to which she was akin. When, at Mrs. Beard's command, he carried her upstairs and to Jennie's room, the experience completed the tempestuous and revolutionary ordeal through which he had passed. He left her in Jennie's room and backed into the hall, half blind; he went to his own room and threw off his clothes and got into bed, huddling there, the coverlets close about his face, his eyes tight shut as though to exclude the vision he had seen. By small degrees he began to tremble and shudder absurdly, and he could not lie still.

Then Mrs. Beard came to bed, and he forced himself to lie still. She said fretfully:

"Well there, now, Dave. I hope you're satisfied. Shooting that woman. I've always told you you'd do it some day."

"She's not hurt!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Just a little bang on the leg."

"S'pose you'd hurt her worse. S'pose you'd hurt her so she couldn't dance any more. I expect it would have taken this farm and more money than you'll ever see to make it up to her. It's a wonder she don't send you to jail as it is."

He scarcely heard this last; his imagination, ordinarily dormant, had leaped into life at his wife's first suggestion that the injury might have been worse. Dave had shot deer in his time; he was accustomed to butcher his own pigs and steers, shooting them before cutting their throats. Thus he knew the aspect of the wound a rifle ball makes; knew how the bullet, shattering on a bone, may rip and crush and tear. So at his wife's word he had a vivid picture of the dancer's slim ankle thus crushed and torn, her small foot dangling uselessly; and the picture tormented him so that he had to set his teeth to keep from crying out. It was not his own guilt which thus appalled him; it was the ruin of that lovely flesh.

Mrs. Beard, who seldom found an opportunity when she was so wholly in the right, pressed her advantage tonight; she gave Dave no rest, upbraided him over and over in the same tedious words. "I hope you're satisfied. I told you, many's the time. But you wouldn't listen to me." He made no attempt to reply, but more than once he wished to strangle her.

Sleep at last silenced her. The continuous flow of her recriminations slackened and ceased, and by and by he heard the faint premonitory sound which indicated that she would soon be snoring.

His nerves relaxed with relief and he turned on his back, eyes sidewise on the moonlit window. There was no sleep in him; too many matters moved in swift and tempestuous precession through his thoughts. He gave himself up to these thoughts of his.

Now and then, through the silence of the night, he heard a low murmur and knew Jennie and the dancer were still talking, and wondered what they said. At such moments he could scarce stay where he was. It was near dawn before his eyes closed at all.

INEVITABLY—for this was his habit—he woke at the first streak of light, rose and dressed. His wife's garments, shapeless and ugly, hung across the back of a chair; and his eyes fixed upon them and he stood staring for a space before he continued dressing. He remembered so vividly that armful of sheer and lovely things which Jennie had brought from the van for the dancer, the night before. When she had come in the door just beside him, he had had to clench his fingers to keep from reaching out and touching these fabrics caressingly. But his wife's clothing had no such charm.

At length he went downstairs, without awakening Mrs. Beard, and out into the yard. Across the road, in the new barn, the cattle were housed; he worked among them till the sun was high.

But once, glancing toward the house, he saw a movement in Jennie's window and perceived the dancer there. Her arms were moving, rising and falling, thrusting to this side and that while her body swayed. She wore a soft jacket, warm with color, which the sun struck and set afire. He was hidden in the shadows of the barn, so that she did not perceive him; and from this point of vantage he watched her till she turned away from the window and disappeared.

By and by Mrs. Beard called him to breakfast.

(To be continued next week)

How Crooks Can Be "Respectable" By Fred C. Kelly

THIRTY or forty graduates of Sing Sing prison held a formal dinner in a New York hotel some time ago to celebrate their return to respectability. Most of those present had been burglars, robbers, and confidence men. Each was now earning a living by honest means. Several guests made speeches in which they described their experiences since leaving prison. One of these, whom everybody called Jack, once a highly successful confidence man and all-around swindler, said that when he left Sing Sing he felt bitter and resentful toward society, and when a former warden obtained a job for him he was by no means certain that he would go straight or that he even wanted to.

"I made up my mind to try it for a few weeks," he said. "At the end of that time I wouldn't have given up my respectable life for all the money on earth—not even if I could have stolen without being caught. It was a joy to tuck a roll of bills—even if it totaled only a paltry $25—into my pocket on pay day and know that every dollar was my own. You who have always been respectable and honest can't realize what it means to have money that you're not ashamed to account for. But I never had anything give me such a big kick as when my boss used to send me to the bank to deposit money—sometimes as much as $10,000 at a time. He was fully aware of my past life, and yet he knew that every penny of that money would reach the bank. The straight game is the only one that pays. I wish I had known this sooner."

SEVERAL months later a former state official who had once interested himself in Jack's behalf, and who had been a guest at the Sing Sing alumni banquet, happened to meet Jack on the street. He noticed that he was immaculately dressed.

"Of course you're still playing the game on the level," he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, certainly," replied Jack. "I've got a better job now that pays me more money, but I wouldn't have quit my old boss if I weren't associating myself with the best people in town."

"And what is your job now?"

"I'm a bootlegger," was the ex-convict's naïve reply.

"Jack," suggested the friend, "isn't that getting a little close to the border line of dishonesty?"

"Good heavens, no!" declared Jack. "My partners and clients are the most respectable people in town—judges, lawyers, bankers, and leading business men. Want to see the list of names?" And he reached for a little black notebook.

"No," his friend replied, "I don't want to see it. I might be too severely shocked."

And he walked away, marveling: How *could* one with his background see wrong in doing that which is done by the most highly respectable?

Later he learned that nearly all the Sing Sing alumni whom he had seen at the dinner have now turned to bootlegging as a field where large profits may be associated also with respectability.

Not long after that this same state official went to another city to attend a meeting of business and professional men representing certain local organizations which were devoted to civic uplift.

They held a learned, scientific discussion of the probable origins of crime. It was the sense of the meeting that laxness in law enforcement breeds disrespect for law. Children permitted to break rules of conduct in the home may grow up to be heedless of the laws of the community. As high-minded citizens, it behooved them to oppose every violation of the law of the land wherever this might come under their notice.

ALL this appealed to the sense of humor of the visitor, because at each diner's place was a cocktail containing illicit liquor unlawfully furnished from the private stock of the unassailably respectable club in which the dinner was held.

Suddenly this guest raised his glass and said:

"Well, gentlemen, let us then drink a toast to the uniform and impartial enforcement of law!"

With no suspicion that the situation contained elements of humor, these respectable citizens arose and, with liquor unlawfully gained, unlawfully kept, and unlawfully consumed, solemnly drank to law enforcement!

Sammy: A Slum Guy

Continued from page 9

in my uncle's family, countin' me, and we got three rooms in Hester Street. Me cousins and me skins out at night, 'cause there ain't nothin' to do at home. I generally strikes for the Settlement House and me cousins hang out at a poolroom where their gang is. My gang is a better bunch. The kids that's got no use for us is a tough lot, so we have to travel in a gang. There's jes' eight."

The peculiarities of his gang were unique, and I learned of them, bit by bit. In one characteristic they were all alike, their loyalty to each other and their "gang."

ALTHOUGH Sammy's duties were mostly out of doors, he was allowed to come and go of his own free will. Nothing was kept under lock and key, and nothing was ever missed from its accustomed place. He carefully guarded the property from the road tramp, and eyed him keenly if he became too inquisitive as to his surroundings. On one occasion, when a disreputable old character staggered into the place, bellowing his drunken oaths, Sammy rushed upon him and demanded that he shut up or he'd knock his head off. Seizing a stout cudgel, he was about to carry out his threat when I interfered.

For three summers Sammy was our regular help on the farm. In the winter months he worked in the city and never failed to write to us once a month and tell us how thankful he was for letting him come to us, where he could live "with clean folks who didn't mind his being a Jew kid from the dumps." The boy felt keenly the insults heaped upon his race and openly declared his faith in his people.

Sammy was seventeen when we entered the World War, and how the boy did regret his youth. "Only one more year and I can get in it! Gee! I hope we don't lick 'em before I can get a crack at 'em."

He made for himself a wooden gun and, watching the home guard that drilled in the villages once a week, learned the manual of arms. After supper the family would gather on the porch, and the boy would go through his drill. At the end of the summer he was quite proficient, although his regiment was composed of but one individual. The autumn called him to the city, and on his eighteenth birthday he enlisted. He came to see us in his trim new uniform, and how proud he was. He spent the day going about the farm, and over and over again reiterated: "I never will forget the happy days I spent on this place. I'll sure remember it and how kind you folks have been to me." And as he left us the tears welled to his big brown eyes.

When his regiment was ordered overseas, we received a postal card with a picture of an American flag upon it, and under it was written: "I'm going to fight for this."

We never heard from him again. In the first action of his regiment Sammy's life went out, and he sleeps under one of the white crosses that mark the spot where so many of our boys lie.

Her Night to Howl

Continued from page 11

there was an innate fineness she had been quick to recognize. She concluded, with a sigh, that there was nothing else for her to do but accept that teaching post at Snake Creek. This she did, for it promised her only escape from Mr. Teller's roof.

She still hoped against hope that Ted Payne might have something to say to her. But he never knew whether she was making fun of him or merely indulging a wayward humor. She would say things other girls never thought of saying. He wouldn't have felt so uncomfortable about it if he hadn't cared for her so much. It made him desperately unhappy, concluding, as he did, that Jane was not for him; she was for some sort of superman, some unearthly being who could dwell with her on a higher plane than ordinary mortals. And so he went back to work with a determination more grim than joyous.

And Jane went about preparing for the fall session of the country school at Snake Creek, a district far remote from Clifton, a rustic environment of children and cows, colic and bucolic.

That there was another life she preferred to this came forcibly to her mind on the sultry night when she visited "Danceland" just before its August closing and a storm broke over the city.

The lights in the hall went out. Thunder and lightning flared and crashed above the roofs. Down the river came the wind, roaring in the trees and sweeping into the dance hall through the open, sashless windows. It tore the paper decorations loose and blew them like chaff.

JANE, caught between two of the windows, pressed her back against the wall while the rain in two furious streams poured in on either side of her.

Suddenly a glare of light, like a camera shutter opening on a black box for a snapshot, illumined the hall through every sharp window. The lightning struck in a tree outside. There was a deafening crash.

Jane screamed. There were other cries in the hall.

The next thing she knew somebody was putting a coat about her shoulders and she recognized Ted's voice in the darkness.

"I heard you yelling bloody murder, Jane."

His arm was strong and shielding. There was wonderful comfort in feeling it holding the coat around her shoulders. In that instant she knew that what she wanted most in life was Ted's arm around her, his voice in her ear whispering, not commonplaces of talk, but love, love as it should be between man and woman.

"I think it's over, Jane!"

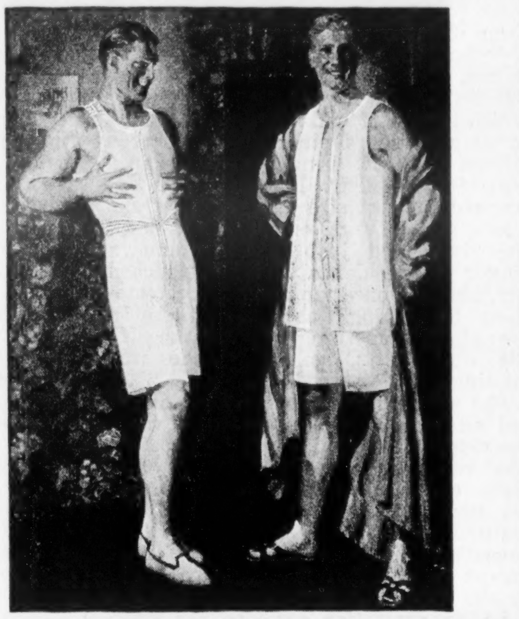
HE SPOKE hopefully at a time when she wished it was the beginning of forty days and nights of rain. . . . And when he left her at the door of her house, an hour later, and said, "Good-by, professor! I hope you have a good year with your pupils," the stars were shining in the sky. But in Jane's eyes there were tears shining. . . . The next day would be her last in Clifton before the journey to Snake Creek. And Ted had said good-by so casually!

It was a scorching hot day. Black raspberries sold for eighteen cents a quart at the Courthouse Square curb market. Beets went for seven cents a bunch. Out of a clear, cobalt-blue sky, with a purity ascribed to things ethereal, beat a blazing, relentless sun which made it difficult for Jane to keep the house cool, even with the shades down and the front door shut.

In the afternoon she sat on the side porch, from which she could look across the back yards and catch a glimpse through the trees of the house Ted Payne was finishing. Once she saw him standing on the roof, lifting his arms above his head to ease his muscles, but the grace with which he did it might have been that of somebody performing a more significant rite—an artisan hailing the sky, acknowledging the superior craftsmanship of the earth's roof. That was the way she could think of Ted.

In her thoughts there was little gayety when she went to bed that night. It might have been long after twelve—she never knew exactly—when she awoke at a sound in the street. She

(*Continued on page 32*)



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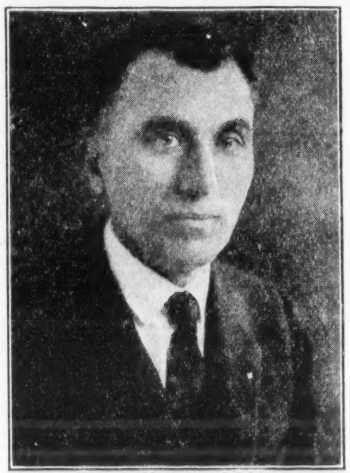

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sat up and listened. It was a song. Voices which she knew were those of some quartet strolling slowly homeward came drifting into the darkness of her bedroom. They were sweet, harmonizing voices. With quickening breath she listened as if it were something for which her heart had long been waiting. It seemed years since she had been stirred like this. And again, just as a song in the night had held her entranced in exquisite misery when she was a girl camping on the island down the river, and just as the unknown singer in the dance hall had touched her, she felt once more a strange emotion. Something was outside there in the night, something outside the life she was living, something she was missing.

She swung herself to the edge of the bed and sat, straining forward, while the singers halted down by the corner. She remembered her bitterness that night on the island when all nature lay lyrical in the moonlight and the maturity of full-throated summer. The bloom had been on everything of earth except her. But now, as she slipped to the window to catch more of the song, an exaltation came to her riper senses. She was no longer the "greengage plum."

THE night touched her face with a finger of ecstasy. The song called to her as roads white in the moon must call to another, or as the sight of clean stars to one tormented too long with sodden skies and apprehensive hours, or as love to the lover, or beauty to a watcher at the casement. She had to heed it.

She was startled by a voice from the hall.

"Is that you, Jane, who's moving around? I heard a noise."

Her stepfather's form loomed vaguely beyond the doorway, where his voice had already sounded petulantly.

"Yes," replied Jane. "Don't worry."

"I should think you'd want to get all the rest you can, your last night before the train journey."

"I—I don't feel like sleeping." Somehow, she felt more like crying.

"Well, you'd better try." The advice came grumpily from the dark hall.

Still Jane did not move.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Teller's voice rose. "What are you doing there, anyway?"

"Nothing. Just looking out."

Mr. Teller emitted a grunt which, due to his catarrh, was more nasal than grandiloquent.

"You sit mooning at that window like a romantic schoolgirl!"

"Well, there's no harm in it." Jane felt the tears come into her eyes.

"Nobody expects you to act like that," went on Mr. Teller. "Be sensible and go back to bed—or you'll upset the notion people have of you and old-maid schoolmarms!"

His retreating bare feet thumped down the hall. She could hear his heels jarring, which suddenly deafened her to all else. Her cheeks burned. An old maid! Was that it? People already marked her for a potential spinster? An old maid! An old maid! The phrase repeated itself damningly in her mind. It seared her like a hot brand.

She wondered how long this opinion of her had been forming in the community, how many tongues had wagged in Clifton in order to establish the legend. Did they think she preferred the school at Snake Creek to a home of her own in Clifton? Did anybody ever deliberately choose exile in Siberia?

All at once a further question flashed into her mind. Did Ted Payne hold this same opinion of her? At the thought she caught her breath, stunned. "Get all the rest you can," her stepfather had said. Rest? It was impossible now, with this turmoil within her, this thing which was the greatest unrest of all. . . . And Ted, when he had said good-by to her with such unnatural brevity, had called her "professor." . . . Oh! ! ! . . . She clenched her fists tightly.

Her Night to Howl

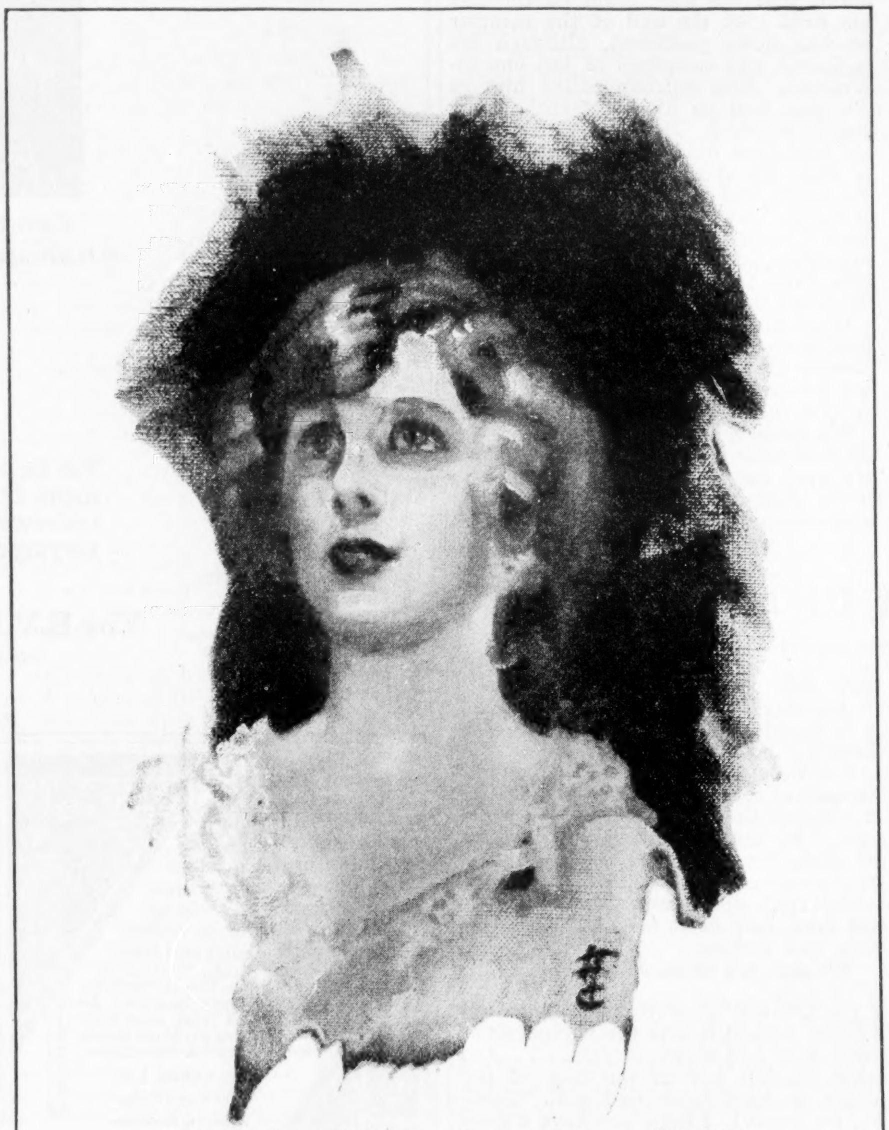
Continued from page 31

So they thought she was unromantic? . . . Oh, if they only knew!

A feeling of revolt stirred in her, a wild desire to issue into the moonlit world outside and be as romantic as she pleased. She leaned far out the window to let the air touch her flushed cheeks. As she did so she heard the singers down by the corner again, and the elation she had felt at their song returned.

She left the window abruptly. She began to dress, quietly, hurriedly, buoyed up by a sudden determination.

She tiptoed downstairs to the front door, crossed the veranda, and was soon in the street. She breathed the sweet night air; there was a kind of rapture in it. Everything seemed saturated with moonlight—the street, the trees, the roofs, the grass, the very air. The still, moon-tinctured town lay under a spell, as enchanted as the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty which the Prince walked into and awoke her. She smiled to herself as she thought of Ted Payne's house around the corner, and how, in approaching it as she did now, she was reversing the rôles of the family tale. The young man slept. The young woman was coming to wake him!



"Ted!" she called in a vibrant whisper. "Ted!"

AT THE corner she caught sight of the singers whose song had drifted into her window. They were negro waiters from the night shift of the Langley Hotel near the railroad, and now, homeward bound with more harmony than haste, they stopped to lounge against a fence and fill the air with soft strains about some person named Mandy Lee, whom all four seemed to love dearly without creating the least discord in their ranks.

Jane paused to listen. Into her mind came the thought of what a droll sensation the story of to-night would make in a prosaic court if subjected to a lawyer's cross-examination. "Miss Hunter, is it not true that on September the third you got up in the middle of the night and left your father's house?" . . . "Yes." . . . "Can you tell the court why you did this?" . . . "Yes, four niggers singing in the street!"

A smile crossed her face. She moved on past the corner, and a moment later entered the lane alongside Ted Payne's house. Her heart began to beat faster again. Ted slept in this wing at the back, she knew, and the open window on the ground floor was his. Her shoes crunched on the gravel as if to wake the whole neighborhood. Yet at Ted's window she reached up and tapped on the pane.

"Ted!" she called in a low, vibrant whisper. "Ted!"

Waiting, she gripped the sill with taut fingers. There was a sound in the darkness of the room, and then Ted's face appeared at the window.

"What is it?" he asked, peering out. "Oh, it's you, Jane?" Naturally, surprise was in his voice. "What's up?"

"The moon!"

She waited. The information she had brought him about the meteorological condition of the night might not be deemed an ample excuse for arousing him. "Go back to bed," he might say. "You're crazy, Jane!" But, instead, he replied:

"Just a minute!"

When the minute was up he lowered himself, fully dressed, over the window sill and dropped lightly to the ground.

"I suppose you think I'm mad," said Jane as he joined her where the lane met the sidewalk, "but it's my last night in Clifton and—and, somehow, I hated to waste it in sleep. Do you mind?"

He felt the strange exhilaration that animated her. In her pale face the moonlight wrought a radiance. As he moved up the street at her side he assured her that he thought she was marvelous rather than mad.

"We're living in an age," she replied, "in which women are fighting for the same rights as men. My slogan just now is 'Equal Nights for Women!' "

He laughed. "You can count on me for support."

HIS first surprise had given way to wonder, and now he was sharing her elation. On an ancient horse block, which still stood at the curb despite the passing of the epoch which had built it, they sat down under a leafy elm and looked out over the pavement. To their ears came faintly the singing of the darkies down by the corner.

Ted felt closer to Jane than he had ever been before. It made him want to say something, but for the life of him he didn't know how to begin.

"Well, professor—"

It was apparently a bad start, for Jane checked him impetuously.

"Stop!" She turned to him with a sudden catch in her voice. "If you call me that again, Ted Payne, I'll choke you!"

Her vehemence left him dumfounded. "But Jane, I was thinking of Snake Creek—"

"Well, you thought wrong!" she broke in. "I never felt any divine call to Snake Creek. Let's talk about something more pleasant. The only academic chair I want to occupy to-night is this one we're sitting on—the chair of beauty in the Night School of Illusion."

"Sometimes," he said slowly—for her words about Snake Creek had been a revelation to him—"you talk about beauty and I don't understand."

"You're too busy living it to talk it," she replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Those houses you build—no false gables, no false gods—everything frank and honest. I've watched you."

"But—but, Jane—" He hesitated desperately—"I'm only a carpenter!"

In answer to that she leaned closer to him and looked up into his eyes.

"Ted," she said, "you're a *good* carpenter. That makes all the difference in the world. There's beauty in that. There's beauty in work well done."

A throbbing silence fell between them.

"I think I see what you mean," he said, and felt suddenly inspirited.

"There's beauty in the work you love," she continued. "There would be beauty in the woman you loved."

He drew a deep breath and said: "There is already."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen it. I see it in her face now!" There was no doubt about it: it was Jane he was looking at. "I'd have told her so before now and kissed her except that I was afraid she'd laugh at me."

Jane caught her breath. "But if you kissed her she couldn't laugh, at least not *while* you were kissing her—not if you did it well. Why don't you try?"

HE DID. And there was no laughter afterward. There was only another kiss. Jane yielded her lips to his completely, and all her heart beat rapturously against him as he held her tightly in his arms.

"Jane! Jane!" he murmured.

And she made the equally astounding speech: "Ted! Ted!"

It wasn't at all academic. In fact, it was so lacking in polysyllabic pedantry that the school board of Snake Creek would not have deemed it sufficient to enter on its minutes. And yet it caused its author's name to be stricken from those records.

Later Jane said: "Let's sit here until the milk wagon comes along. I want to hear the bottles clink as the boy runs up on the porches."

That was just what they did. The darkies who had sung at the corner had long since gone, but in Jane's heart still lingered the song in the night.

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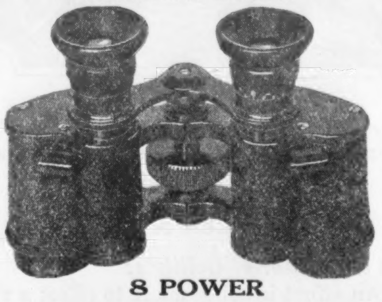

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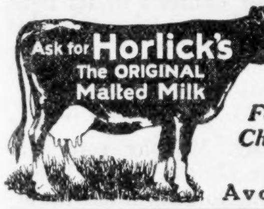

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Brush Manufacturers for Over 116 Years and the Largest in the World

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
RAY
ROHN

THE good ship President Adams docked in New York recently with a story of having been chased up the Pacific Ocean by a floating island.

Captain Jonas Parkelbury was the skipper. This was his first experience with floating islands (except by way of a dessert) and he met the thing as he was sailing north of Borneo.

It had palm trees, he declares, taller than the wireless masts of his ship, with singing birds and chattering monkeys in them. Through marine glasses he made out a mass of flowering vegetation and a family of reptiles.

His first guess was that his charts were wild, and he was heading for the mainland. But this bit of land came floating up the sea—and then began to follow him.

"Before night," declares Captain Parkelbury, taking pains to impress the reporters that his first name is Jonas and not Jonah, "we sighted eight or ten more floating islands, but none so large as the first one."

What happened, members of the American Geological Society explain, was that the captain merely ran into a rather large order of an entirely normal phenomenon in tropic waters.

"Floating islands" are tangles of vegetation, tightly woven as a grass rug, that wash out of the mouths of rivers in times of tropic floods.

Not often, however, are they so well populated as this skipper found them.

* * *

ONE of the welfare associations declares that a family of five can live on $9.60 a week—and the Providence "Journal" asks "a family of five what?"

* * *

IF YOU want to know how times are changing, take the story of the celebrated *sheik.*

Ibn Ali Hussein is the most illustrious member of the family. It is he who rules the desert around the sacred city of Mecca, and claims descent from no less a personage than the prophet Mohammed himself.

Ibn Ali is monarch of a wide sea of sand; does he roam the desert rifling treasure chests and snatching ladies from their escorts in moving-picture style?

Apparently not. Listen to this report of modern Arab manners vouchsafed by the London "Times:"

Ibn Ali writes his orders with a fountain pen. He operates a wireless. He owns a newspaper called "El Kibla," dictates editorials—and corrects the galley proof.

Oh, yes—and his telephone number is Mecca, No. 1.

* * *

IBAÑEZ, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," comes back to Spain after a trip around the world, and in the course of an interview disposes of the United States as follows:

"Banquets here, banquets there, newspapers, speeches, toasts, contracts—then Japan."

* * *

A LITTLE while ago someone unearthed the fact that in the good old days of Julius Cæsar Rome had a parking problem—the traffic got so heavy that they had to zone the chariots—and now come scholars with the theory that Rome had "strikes."

In Livy and Ovid you can find the evidence, they say. There was a famous company of musicians who refused to play at one great ceremony because the annual banquet given them at state expense was omitted in 311 B. C.

A walk-out followed; a walk-out literally, since the musicians left the city and went to Tibur. But the wily employers settled on advantageous terms.

They served the strikers Roman wine, and brought them home unconscious.

* * *

"BETTER wear flashy clothes and make as striking a showing as possible."

That is not the sort of advice ordinarily given to girls in offices and factories, but it is the advice that comes from Miss Helen Gwynne, retiring President of the National Industrial Assembly of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Gwynne doesn't believe that flashy clothes are a substitute for honest work. But in the tussle to get on in life she thinks they help. Is that a myth, or do they?

* * *

A PLAN to broadcast Congress over the radio stirred up discussion recently.

Opinion differs. One group believes the effect of it would be to keep congressmen more closely on the job.

Says Senator Heflin: "Just one speech over the radio, asking where some of the absent members were, and calling them by name, would bring them flocking back into the chamber like blackbirds."

Senator Dial of North Carolina doesn't think so.

"Allow members to talk into the radio," he says, "and we would never get away from here."

In Mr. Dial's opinion senators would be like young men with a drum on Christmas morning.

* * *

A FRENCH scientist named Dr. E. E. d'Albe, asserts that if anyone were to strike a match on the moon the fact could be discovered on earth in one second by means of selenium.

That ought to be a warning, suggests the London "Punch," against people striking matches on the moon.

* * *

THE postal clerks in Paris have been talking of a strike, and threatening a novel way to stage it. They are talking of obeying orders.

What would happen if they did?

They would examine every stamp for forgery; weigh every letter, even though it was obviously under weight; read every word on every postcard, because the law forbids the sending of scurrilous matter through the mails.

The French postal service is none too rapid at its best. These clerks declare that they could tie it tighter than a drum—simply by obeying rules.

* * *

IF YOU ever run short of funds in Paris and happen to have a cow handy, it won't help you much. The French Government has ruled that cows cannot be hocked in pawnshops.

A farmer at Boulogne attempted it. The Secretary General of the Government Pawnshop System ruled against him.

"Cows are not acceptable," the secretary general said, "because they come under the head of perishable goods. A cow hocked by its dealer is liable to die in its sad surroundings."

Mr. Bradford Is Right!

But the best advertisements of *this* tobacco are never written

From Indianapolis, Mr. R. O. Bradford bursts into song:

The Pipe of Inspiration

I can see him now a-sitting at the desk he loved so well,
Late at night, and still hard at it, writing copy good to sell.
And he smoked his pipe in silence, while his thoughts to business ran,
Guess he's writing still, for father was an advertising man.

First he'd scatter all his papers, till his desk top was a sight;
Then he'd turn from his typewriter and gaze out into the night,
But when once his thoughts had started, and the work for sure began,
Dad would clean his pipe and fill it from the little old blue can.

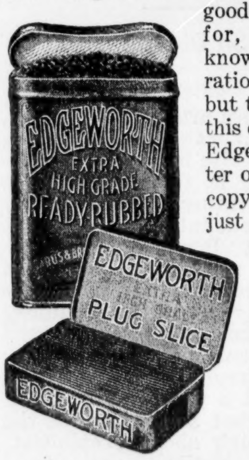
Edgeworth! Bless your soul, you've guessed it! Dad was surely sold for fair,
On that ready-rubbed tobacco, and he never seemed to care
Just how long and hard his hours, or how high the work was piled,
All he wanted was the blue can, and he smoked his pipe—and smiled.

Pipe of inspiration. Righto! I'm an advertising man myself, and I've learned to realize and appreciate just how much Edgeworth means to me when there's a tough problem on deck, or when work piles up and requires long hours to clear it away.

Pass the good word along. It's Edgeworth that is responsible for lots of good advertising copy nowadays.

Ralph Otis Bradford

Mr. Bradford is quite right when he writes that "Edgeworth is responsible for lots of good advertising copy" for, as every writer knows, there *is* inspiration in a good smoke, but the words that fill this column do not sell Edgeworth. As a matter of fact, they *aren't* copy at all—they are just gossip about pipe smokers.



The advertising that creates Edgeworth smokers is broadcast from Jones to Smith to Robinson *by word of mouth.*

The best we can hope to do in this space is to get another Mr. Jones started.

Even if your name *isn't* Jones we'll be glad to send you free samples of Edgeworth if you'll send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you care to add the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer we will appreciate the courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We do not pretend, of course, that Edgeworth is the perfect smoke—some men do not find it to their tastes at all—but we're hoping that after you have tried it you will become a Real Edgeworth Advertisement! At any rate, we'll take a chance!

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

THE interest taken by Collier's readers in Senator Norris's article on political partisanship is still being reflected in the mail. Here are letters representative of many that endorse his opinions, and one that differs with him. The last, while well worth-while in itself, seems a little off the point, for it discusses theory of party government rather than the practical merits or demerits of extreme partisanship, and that was what Senator Norris was writing about.

THERE ARE NO RULES for doing a good job of fathering a boy. Probably ways of doing it are as numerous as boys are. It strikes us that the particular father who tells his experience in this issue of Collier's has found his particular way uncommonly well, and that his report of it is full of practical suggestions for fathers in general. Within his son's three years of babyhood he decided that he couldn't begin too early and he made his beginning with the tools at hand, the building blocks strewn on the floor. Now visitors wonder at the handicraft odd jobs the youngster does, and loves to do, yet the father insists that he *isn't* "naturally mechanically minded," or in any other way different in promise from the next likely normal six-year-old. Home education of this sort, well thought out and sensibly administered, beats the best institutional child-training system all hollow. "My son John" is a real boy, whose father writes about him anonymously rather than make him conspicuous.

* * *

PERHAPS THE BEST PART of Peter O'Shea's account of how employees of M. J. Whittall Associates, weavers of rugs and carpets, have been inspired to cut costs by saving time and material is its perfect answer to the walrus-minded critic's "Huh! If they could do all that saving, they ought to have done it without being paid for it!" The answer, in Mr. O'Shea's words, is: "The typical workman is willing to save time or material without charging an extra cent for it if it can be done without extra fatigue to him. But active savings require attention to which the average man is unable to hold himself by mere good resolutions." There has to be a special stimulus, and the head of the concern provided one by offering the workers half of what they could save. This is one of those simple ideas for coöperation in industry that Mr. Walrus never admits would work until he sees them working. Even then he may refuse to believe his senses, but the rest of us, having minds a little more open and progressive than his, are glad to see and profit by what we see.

He Liked the Senator's Ideas

To the Editor of Collier's:

Permit me to thank you for the opportunity to read, "My Party, Right or Wrong," by Senator Norris. It was certainly a wonderful presentation of the existing political situation, which appears to be in disfavor at the present time.

I have had the pleasure of sitting in the Senate gallery and listening to Senator Norris, and have always found that either in speech or by letter he presents the facts in such a simple, straightforward way that it carries conviction. I don't believe I have ever read a political "story" that appealed to me more strongly than that article of his.

W. H. PAULHAMUS, Puyallup, Wash.

And So Did He

To the Editor of Collier's:

Senator Norris's article, "My Party, Right or Wrong," was timely, fearless, and progressive. He is to be congratulated on writing it, Collier's is to be thanked for printing it, and many readers can be felicitated on the opportunity to read it. It marks the decline of the partisan spirit, which in these times has outlived its usefulness. Government by party rule is but a clumsy and inadequate mode of carrying on the business of a great nation. It fails to ascertain and carry out the will of the people except on a predominant issue.

Who knows what a majority of the people really think about prohibition, the League of Nations, the World Court, Japanese exclusion, etc? The time is coming when several issues may be definitely presented at the same time, and when all matters of principle will be submitted directly to the vote of the people, leaving their representatives to formulate and carry out their decisions.

W. A. HUNTER, Berkeley, Cal.

But This Man Didn't

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your own remarks on Senator Norris's article, you declare that he unequivocally shows, first, that "straight party" administration "has led great and good office-holders into the mire of the spoils system;" second, that "it tends to keep the 'best and most capable minds' outside the public service;" third, that it "stultifies our nation's heritage of an enlightened representative government."

If Senator Norris "shows" these things to be facts, what good is your request for "opinions"? Do you doubt his statements, your own, or both?

But does he "show"?

You can have no government without law, and make no law that does not pinch somebody somewhere. One law or principle of government pleases my neighbor and displeases me. A number of us on either side are like-minded. This naturally draws those of like opinions into groups, classes, factions, cliques, or parties. Under government no man is a law unto himself. I will go still farther and say that there can be no such thing as "common" sense in this matter, because you cannot add the intelligence of one man to the ignorance of another and strike a common denominator.

What makes men Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, Socialists, or adherents of any other political party? Are they born that way? Or is it the espousal of certain governmental principles, believed to be fundamental, that makes men take issues and form parties? I am charitable enough to give credit to the latter class. I never voted my Daddy's ticket. His politics and mine were at variance.

No matter how "good" a Democrat is nominated, the Republican would be somewhat foolish to vote for him and expect to get high tariff laws—and so on. It is not altogether the man we elect but the principle. And who shall say, after the people have spoken, that the man selected is not as good and capable as you or I?

"Feeling" is a poor political guide. I can think of a number of good laws which are, if enacted, absolutely repulsive to my "feelings," as for instance the compulsory cremation of all dead persons, for both sanitary and economic reasons.

Where the political party has no platform issue or rule there can be no party violation. The "crooked" things enumerated by Senator Norris are rightly termed absurdities and cannot be laid at the door of "straight party" politics. If Senator Norris feels that he is greater than any political party in vogue he has a perfect right to become an independent, but he has no political right, as an "independent," to wear the cloak of any other party. Independents can be no important factors in constitutional government unless they unite as a party. As a political understudy, therefore, I unhesitatingly say, "*Let us have straight party government!*"

HENRY F. COOK, Frostburg, Md.

Abbreviation is Vexation

To the Editor of Collier's:

For unadulterated inconsistency allow me to refer you to this, in a recent Collier's: "When Mr. Dempsey meets M. Carpentier or Señor Firpo." Why did you not put it *Mister* Dempsey, *Monsieur* Carpentier, and Señor Firpo? Collier's would have us believe that its staff is educated. Would you not and do you not make fun of those Spanish papers that print the *Mister* out in full every time? And yet you and all the magazines and papers published all over the United States and parts of Georgia insist on spelling out *Señor* in full every time. Take this as an accepted fact, please: when *Señor* is used as the English *Mister*, it is abbreviated to *Sr.*

JOHN M. STANSFIELD, Tampa, Fla.

Mr. Stansfield forgets that at present, although most American readers are familiar with *M.* for *Monsieur*, many of them would have to stop to figure out what *Sr.* stood for. In small matters like these it seems better to be clear than to be a lone, militant purist.

The High Cost of Passports

To the Editor of Collier's:

An effort is being made to effect a reduction in the charge for American passports, which would be to the great advantage of scholars who go abroad to study, and of professional and business men who go for professional and business reasons. American citizens do not need passports to enter or leave the United States, and if our fees for visas were reduced in price, no doubt foreign governments would do the same.

T. B. DAWSON, Providence, R. I.

It Wasn't Bigotry

To the Editor of Collier's:

I note that in giving the names of the probable Democratic nominees for the Presidency, Collier's found it necessary in two cases to give the religion of the candidate, and—most peculiar fact—these two candidates for the nomination were of the same religious belief.

Does Collier's believe that the religious belief of a man is an integral fact to be taken into consideration in weighing his merits? If not, why is it mentioned in two instances while a profound silence is kept with regard to the religion of the other candidates?

Religious prejudice is an ugly thing and to one who has been an ardent sympathizer with Collier's in its fight for good citizenship and tolerance, this came as a great surprise. We had always thought that Collier's was above such bigotry, but now—we wonder!

T. E. MURPHY, Providence, R. I.

The article Mr. Murphy refers to was an effort, on the eve of the Democratic convention, to tell which candidates had the best chances of becoming the nominee, and why. The two candidates referred to were Catholics, a fact of common knowledge, and one that in this year of "Klan" and "anti-Klan" factions had a special bearing on their political prospects, regardless of their merits. To have ignored it in estimating prospects would have been absurd.

The Weight of His Years

To the Editor of Collier's:

Will somebody tell me how much I am supposed to weigh? I am sixteen years old and five feet nine inches tall, and I weigh 132 pounds.

A few days ago I consulted a table as to what I should weigh, but it only bewildered me. For boys the ages in the table go up to fifteen; that is, after fifteen a boy is a man. In the man's column, the weights are given according to height, and a man five feet nine inches tall should weigh 159 pounds. But the boy's column says a fifteen-year-old boy should weigh 103 pounds. Am I supposed to gain fifty-six pounds in a year?

J. F. HAWKINS, New York City.

Those tables of weights for ages and heights are based on averages, and so apply to the average physique, which is neither slim nor chunky by nature, regardless of the fact that lots of healthy people are either one or the other. Boys shooting up in their early teens to a noble height like J. F.'s are generally rather "skinny" for some time.

Pay Less – Get Better Tires

Improved manufacturing methods—more scientific distribution—plus sound and economical business management enable Goodrich to offer you two things:

FIRST . . . A high quality tire that gives riding economy to all classes of motorists. Goodrich quality was never so high.

SECOND . . . A Tire Value that has no parallel in Goodrich history; Goodrich Prices were never so low.

So for fewer dollars you receive a finer Goodrich Tire . . . more in quality . . . more in service . . . more in dependability . . . more in satisfaction . . . more in economy than at any previous time.

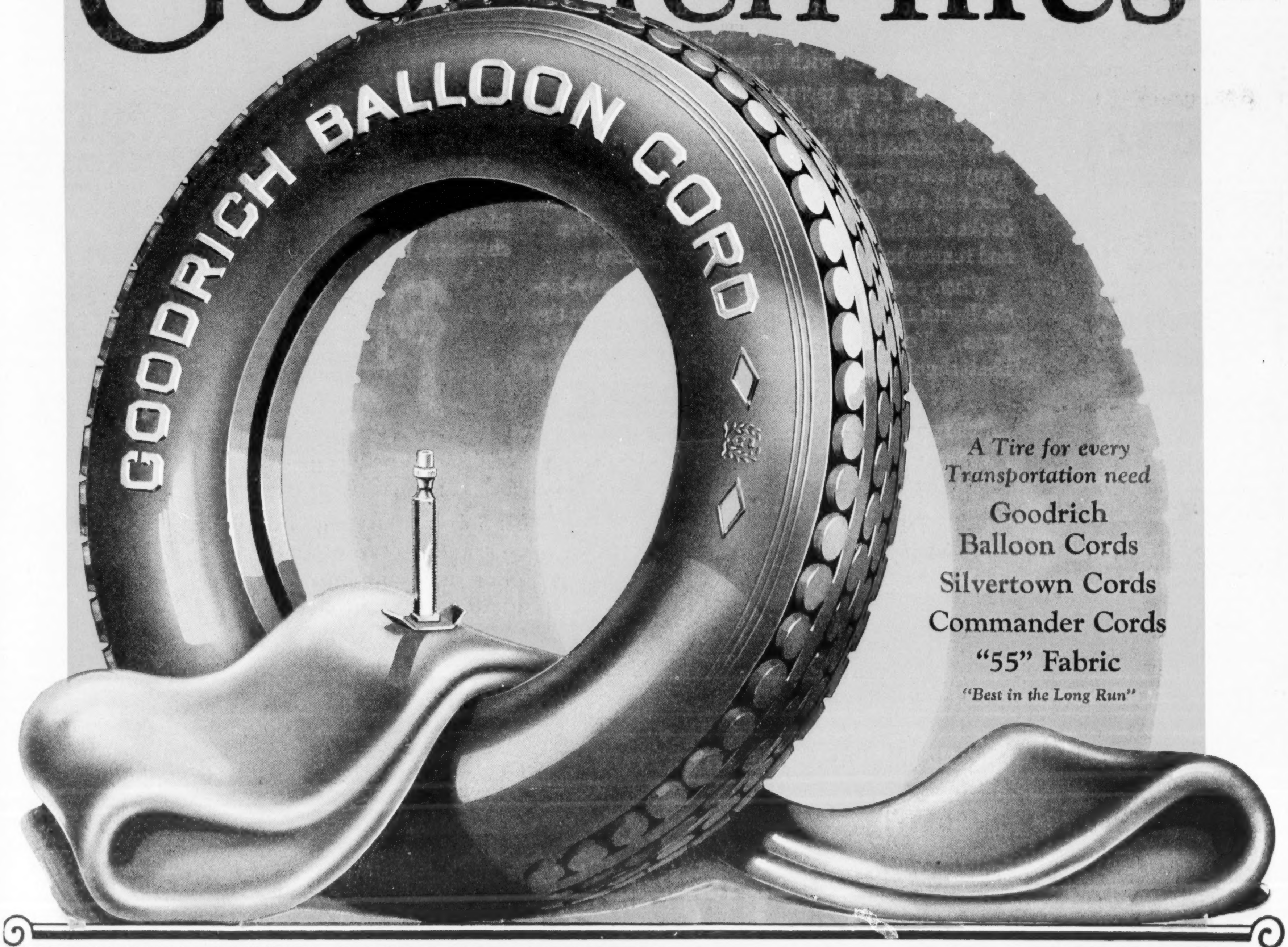
This supreme Goodrich contribution to lower tire costs means increased service values in the tire plus decreased costs to the public.

To realize how great is the present Goodrich Tire value . . . call on your Goodrich Dealer.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, *Akron, Ohio*

In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Limited, Toronto

Goodrich Tires



A Tire for every Transportation need

Goodrich Balloon Cords

Silvertown Cords

Commander Cords

"55" Fabric

"Best in the Long Run"

MECHANICAL RUBBER GOODS FOR INDUSTRY— Conveyor, Elevator and Transmission Belting • Hose for Every Purpose • Packing and Molded Articles • All for the Advancement of Economy and Efficiency in Industrial Operations

Beautiful, strong white teeth and healthy-looking gums are the result of care. The tooth brush used at least three times a day, every day, is a modern necessity because of the soft, cooked foods we eat.

KIM

cleaned his teeth with a twig

KIM, the little British orphan in Kipling's story, was born in India and brought up as a native. Every morning he cleaned his teeth with a twig, chewing the fibres thoroughly, and scrubbing energetically, to remove germs and tartar-forming substances.

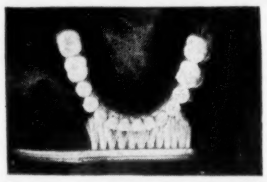
The good looks that come from clean white teeth are noticeable the minute a man or a woman smiles. Teeth that are not cared for look yellow. They are covered with tartar.

You can keep tartar off your teeth with the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Its wide-set, saw-tooth-pointed bristles sweep food debris and germs away from between your teeth before tartar forms. The end tuft cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of back teeth. It keeps teeth really clean and remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

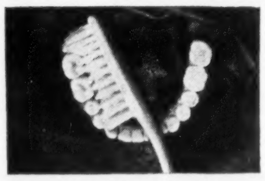
When you brush your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush you should brush away from the gums. You really brush the gums at each stroke. That stimulates the flow of fresh, life-giving blood to the gums, toughens them and keeps them in a healthy condition. You also give the brush a chance to get in between the teeth and clean out particles of food, germs and tartar-forming substances.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world, in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, especially suitable for boys and girls, 40c; and Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," our interesting booklet on the care of the teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward.

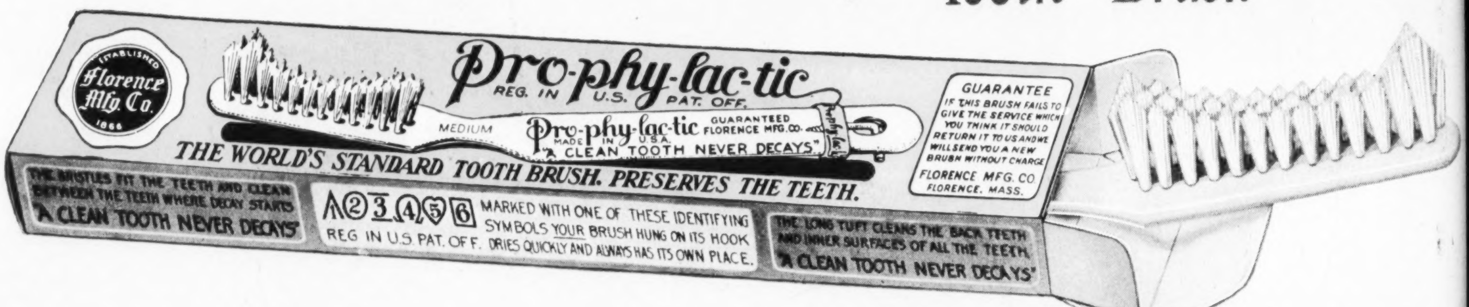


The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them.



The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth at the same time the serrated bristles clean the crevices between the teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Tooth Brush

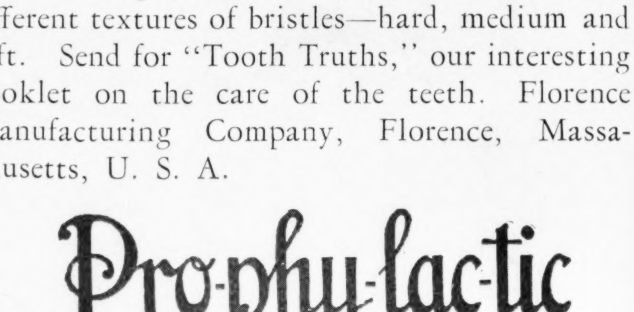

ESTABLISHED
Florence Mfg. Co.
1866
Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
MADE IN U.S.A.
GUARANTEED FLORENCE MFG. CO.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
GUARANTEE
IF THIS BRUSH FAILS TO GIVE THE SERVICE WHICH YOU THINK IT SHOULD RETURN IT TO US AND WE WILL SEND YOU A NEW BRUSH WITHOUT CHARGE
FLORENCE MFG. CO.
FLORENCE, MASS.
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
1 2 3 4 5 6
MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS YOUR BRUSH HUNG ON ITS HOOK DRIES QUICKLY AND ALWAYS HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
REG IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS" ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX

THE HAND BRUSH THAT LASTS A LIFETIME

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush is made of best quality bristles, clinched in a metal plate which is riveted to a hardwood back. The non-abrasive bristles dig dirt out, without harm to tender skin. It lasts a lifetime of ordinary use and is fully guaranteed.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
HAND BRUSH


Pro-phy-lac-tic